THE NATION

DECEMBER 20, 1958 . . 25c

RAILROADS

versus

THE COMMUTER

Fred J. Cook

Courage in Action

DISC JOCKEY FIGHTS THE BLACKLIST

Dan Wakefield

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LETTERS

Complaint . . .

Dear Sirs: I have just had called to my attention the review of Robert Jungk's *Brighter Than a Thousand Suns,* which appeared in your October 28 issue.

In Carl Dreher's otherwise fair review, there are two statements pertaining to myself that are untrue and damaging. On page 294, second paragraph, seventeenth line, there is the sentence: "Chevalier had complied." I had *not* complied. On the same page, third paragraph, ninth line, the statement is made: ". . . The fact remained that, however good his intentions, Chevalier had acted as an intermediary for an agent of a foreign, although allied, power." This too is completely false. Mr. Dreher also refers to George Eltenton as "a Soviet agent." He was nothing of the kind.

These statements, taken together, greatly distort the picture.

HAAKON CHEVALIER

Paris

. . . and Response

Dear Sirs: I have no firsthand knowledge of the facts in the Chevalier-Oppenheimer relationship. I think it is clear that in this part of the review I was only paraphrasing the text of the book. If any of the statements are untrue or inaccurate, Mr. Chevalier's quarrel is with the author. But I don't think he should be inclined to quarrel with either of us. What Mr. Jungk wrote could only have the effect of convincing the reader that Mr. Chevalier, and to a lesser extent Dr. Oppenheimer, were the victims of the detestable administration of the misnamed "security" system.

CARL DREHER

Brewster, New York

Those "Coddled" GIs

Dear Sirs: Lee J. Michaels' article on the coddling of American forces overseas, "Warm Side of the Cold War" [November 29], was timely and stimulating, but there are a few basic considerations pertaining to the status of American GIs vis-à-vis the European community which Mr. Michaels overlooked.

The lowest ranking American troops and their families stationed in Europe possess a standard of living far superior to that of the European working classes and generally superior to that of skilled workers and large segments of the middle classes. . . . The contrast of the social and economic power of American as compared with European forces is still more vivid. European soldiers earn ("fringe benefits" included) approximately *eight times* less than American soldiers. American privates may be seen, thanks to the generous system of passes and reductions, riding in first-class carriages on any European train, while European *officers* ride second- or third-class.

The greatest evil stemming from this disproportionate state of affairs is not that the GIs live so well, but that they do so amid postwar European austerity.

DAVID ROTHKOP

San Francisco, California

Dear Sirs: As anyone who has ever worn a uniform knows, pay in the military is skimpy, hours are long and often irregular, and life, at best, is uncertain. Whether or not the men in Europe agree with the policies that put them there, the fact remains that they are, in the main, living a more difficult life with less material reward, than their civilian counterparts. . . . The military continues to face a shortage of skilled career men. Training of replacements is expensive and time consuming. If fringe benefits for our men in Europe can help to keep men in the service, it will not only cost the public less in taxes, but will allow more civilians to remain in that status as they won't be needed to take up the slack created by men leaving the service.

GENE R. MCHAM
Ens., USNR

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Corporations and Aid to Scholarship

Dear Sirs: Frank Greenaway's excellent article, "The Unfinished History of Science" [Nov. 8 issue], in which he pays richly merited homage to the late George Sarton, notes in connection with the Imperial Chemical Industries' sponsorship of a history of technology: "It is a curious thing that our great corporations have been generous both to the traditional art and to scientific research, but that only in this one instance has one of them sustained that activity which brings scientific and humane studies together."

We would like to adduce several other instances. Chas. Pfizer & Co., Inc., is and has been since 1955 the sponsor of the George Sarton Medal, awarded each year by the History of Science Society for outstanding contributions to the history of science. Last year the award was given to Dr. Lynn Thorndyke, author of the monumental *History of Magic and Experimental Science.* Pfizer was also the sponsor of the Pasteur Fermentation Centennial, held just a year ago to memorialize the French scientist's discovery that fermentation is produced by living organisms.

JAMES BLISH

New York City

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1958
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Throwing Away Less Money

Eisenhower was elected to the Presidency on a 1952 campaign promise to reduce federal spending to the $60 billion level. Unlike most politicians, he tried to carry out his promise and did in fact reach a low point of $64.6 billion for fiscal 1954, after which things got out of hand, and George Humphrey got out of Washington. The budget is now over $80 billion, and Mr. Eisenhower isn't happy, nor are the taxpayers — except, of course, those who benefit directly by the armament boom. This matter, however, is one really close to the President's heart, and he has been conferring with Maurice H. Stans, the Director of the Bureau of the Budget, with a view to restoring fiscal sanity, insofar as the times will permit. Mr. Stans's formula is the time-honored one of cutting everything useful to the bone; he has already announced that he has the ax sharpened for farmers' allowances, veterans' benefits and rural electrification. But in another area, that of foreign military assistance, he could saw right through the bone and do no harm at all. On the contrary, the nations receiving the so-called military aid would be better off without it.

The President has appointed a committee of distinguished citizens, headed by Maj. Gen. William H. Draper, to review the military-assistance program. General Draper might start advantageously by reading Brig. Gen. Thomas R. Phillips' analysis of our expenditures in this field in the St. Louis *Post Dispatch* of November 29. General Phillips points out that it is "unrealistic" for us to support an army of 500,000 men in Formosa, with its population of 10 million already adequately protected by the guns of the Seventh Fleet, when Great Britain, with a population of 50 million, gets along quite nicely with an army of less than 400,000. Foreign aid, as presently conducted, is largely bribery of the ruling elites of backward countries, some of it on a regular-retainer basis, some in the form of a panicky dumping of funds on a troubled area, as when the Richards mission disbursed $215 million in the Middle East with no observable results. As for so-called "defense support," or the give-away of commodities to be sold by foreign governments, General Phillips points out that it is inflationary and "provides a haven for grafters who are making fortunes through their government connections in the countries concerned." General Draper and his colleagues should not have much difficulty in arriving at some useful conclusions.

Air Force Snafu

Usually, anything unpleasant that can be said about the Air Force doesn't get much space these days. There are, however, a few newspapermen who can find it in their hearts to be mean to the Air Force. Marvin Miles, the space-aviation editor of the Los Angeles *Times*, discovered that thirty-seven Air Force jets had crashed because of ice in the fuel system and that probably many more crashes could be attributed to the same cause, and he couldn't keep still about it. Last February 11, a $5,500,000 B-52 Stratofort crashed on landing approach at Ellsworth Air Force Base, Rapid City, South Dakota. Five men were killed, but the airplane was left relatively intact and investigators found enough ice in the fuel pumps and other equipment to account for the failure of three engines which preceded the crash. It then developed that excessive amounts of water in solution in the jet fuel constituted a menace; tighter quality control of fuel was imperative. As one report put it, "The delivery of clean, dry, quality fuel to aircraft is mandatory for effective completion of the USAF mission." But although meetings were held and recommendations laid down, nothing very effective was done to meet the emergency. A USAF contamination report issued September 4 stated that unless immediate action was taken, "minimum protection against icing will not be available for the B-52/KC-135 fleet by this winter." (The KC-135s are the tankers which refuel the B-52s.) Which meant, of course, that the much touted SAC alert could be only partly effective.

The Pentagon, rather calm about the situation until the Los Angeles *Times* broke the story, is now agitated. The *Times* said editorially: "The uproar set off by Mr. Miles's industrious digging seems to promise that pilots will not have to worry much longer about the purity of their fuel." It adds, "But one can never be wholly happy over reforms forced by disaster." When the situation will actually be remedied remains to be seen. The Air Force devotes considerable manpower to scaring

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the public with Russian bombers and reassuring it with American defense measures. If some of that manpower could be re-trained to evaluate jet-fuel, the reassurances of the public might be on a sounder basis.

The Peace Barometer

Senator Hubert H. Humphrey has been a familiar and well-liked figure in national politics for the last decade. He has served as Mayor of Minneapolis. He has been elected to two full terms in the Senate. He has been a member of the American delegation at the United Nations. He has probably made as many campaign speeches out across the country as any member of the Senate. He is in constant demand as an after-dinner speaker. His appearances on radio and television programs have been frequent and uniformly successful. He was prominently mentioned for both the Presidential and Vice Presidential nominations at the Democratic Convention in 1956. Yet for all his tireless political activity, he had somehow failed, until quite recently, to acquire that intangible dimension that is associated with "political stature."

But now, overnight, the Senator has become a national political figure. He has captured the imagination not only of his countrymen, but of a majority of Europeans as well. Yet he is the same man he always was. Why is it only now said of him that he possesses "the spark of greatness"? Has the spark always been his — hidden, perhaps, under a bushel? It may be. But there is a more reasonable, and simpler, explanation. Always possessed of sensitive political antennae, Senator Humphrey is the first American politician — note a minor exception for the premature and inept peace talk of Harold Stassen — to sense that most Americans are bored stiff with an interminable daily diet of cold-war rhetoric. They are avid for the type of leadership that, while it will not demagogically promise an end to the cold war, will at least articulate the belief that cold-war tensions can be reduced, that peace is possible, and that intelligent American spokesmen can talk with the Russians without being bewitched, contaminated, tricked or out-traded. The meteoric rise of Senator Humphrey in national esteem in the last two weeks is only the most recent of numerous indications we have had that the barometer of peace is rising.

What Cooperation Can Do

This month the International Geophysical Year comes to an end. It began on July 1, 1957, so actually it will have lasted eighteen months. Hugh Odishaw, executive director of the United States National Committee for the I.G.Y., summed up the results before the National Press Club: "The single most significant peaceful activity of mankind since the Renaissance and the Copernican revolution." Another commentator, John Simpson of the University of Chicago, says that even in the first twelve months of the project man learned more about the universe than in the previous hundred years. Among the things that were only guessed at previously, or that were entirely unsuspected, are these: Antarctica is not a solid land mass, but a complex of islands probably divided into two subcontinents. There is so much snow and ice in this part of the world that the total must be revised upwards from about 3.2 million cubic miles to about 4.5 million. Three major countercurrents in the ocean flow at depths between 200 and 9,000 feet, compensating for the previously observed flow of the Gulf Stream and other surface currents. Millions of square miles of the bottom of the southeast Pacific are so rich in manganese, iron, cobalt and copper that it may pay to bring the sludge to the surface. The Arctic has more precipitation than the Antarctic, but the Antarctic holds the record for observed low temperature — minus 125 degrees Fahrenheit before the thermometer broke. There are probably magnetic fields in space which interact with the earth's field. The intense belt of radiation surrounding the earth — no one suspected its presence before — is probably generated by charged particles from the sun. And more is known about the sun than ever before; it was kept under continuous observation during the entire I.G.Y.

But the most striking result, Mr. Odishaw points out, was the opening of new "psychological frontiers" through "remarkable international cooperation among sixty-six nations in a period of sharp and perhaps unparalleled political unrest." Sixty thousand scientists, technicians and volunteer observers manned scientific posts from pole to pole in an endeavor to extend the frontiers of knowledge. Beside them the politicians and soldiers, with their old-fashioned posturings and threats, look rather ridiculous.

Labor's Stake in Disarmament

Officials and rank-and file members of the International Association of Machinists locals in Southern California are bombarding the state's senators and representatives with petitions urging them to seek an investigation of the slow-down in defense contracts for military aircraft. Union officials view "with rising alarm" the news that Douglas Aircraft has dropped from third to thirty-seventh in military-contract ranking. But prospects for further gains in aircraft employment are not bright, since no great new volume of military contracts is in sight and the missile program is still largely in the research and development stage. In the vernacular of the trade, "black boxes" instead of "hardware" are being produced. Nor are the ultimate job prospects in missile production nearly as good as they once were in aircraft. A million spent on missiles, it is said, will yield at least a third fewer jobs than an equal amount spent on military aircraft. Nor is this all. For, as Seymour

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Melman points out in an article on "Labor's Economic Stake in Disarmament," in the *IUD Digest* of the AFL-CIO, "The international arms race has reached an impasse: it is no longer possible to attain a decisive lead." Even if ever larger appropriations are voted for defense, the nature of the new military technology suggests that the employment potential will not be impressive.

In seeking further appropriations for obsolete military aircraft, the Machinists are obviously barking up the wrong tree. Fortunately there are alternative types of employment which are more stable and, from a social point of view, much less dangerous and wasteful. Sooner or later, organized labor will be compelled to disassociate itself from the cold-war pressure groups and begin to stress the need for economic equivalents to arms production.

Try a Thinklet

We have become so accustomed by now to a daily dosage of Thinklets that we pop them into our mouths and swallow them without consideration. That, of course, is the beauty of their purpose. Thinklets, as you know, are those clever, tiny-size truisms which, when expanded in verbiage, blow up into full-scale authoritative statements. They are habit-forming, and everyman is a thinkler, but the professionals still have an edge. For they realize that, as the field for thinkling spreads, the size of the successful individual Thinklet has to shrink. The race is not to the swift, but to the small; the Thinklet that involves the fewest brain synapses is the best.

Our most shining example of the hour comes from a full-fledged professional in the fullest-fledged of all disciplines—sociology. "The laugh," Harvard Professor Alex Inkeles records for us, "is a barometer of social status." The results of his study indicate that "The more often you laugh, the higher you are likely to be in the social scale. . . . Contrary to popular belief, the lower you are in social status, the less likely you are to report having laughed the past day." In addition, he declared, "Lower-status women are more likely to have said they have cried." And summing up, he asserted that his rule held true "in warm countries, such as Italy, as well as cold countries, such as Britain."

Now here is fine food for thoughtling. Do you suppose any lower-status people could have been sneaky and not reported their laughs promptly? We all know how irresponsible some of that ilk can be. Still, in the main, the professor's conclusions are valid. To cite just one example: lower-status New Yorkers on buses are not laughing at the addition of a three-cent charge for the formerly free transfer. As for the lower-status women, the professor is also probably right: the counters of Woolworth's are less fun-making than Tiffany's. Moreover, his findings may ease family tensions. For example, when the husband comes home to find the wife chuckling her way through the ground-meat balls and the wet soap, he'll understand that she is not hysterical, but merely hoping to work herself up to a higher social register.

Railroads versus the Commuter . . *by Fred J. Cook*

FOR FIFTEEN YEARS to my knowledge, the 5:30 commuter to the New Jersey shore had left New York at 5:30. It does so no longer. From midtown Manhattan, one night recently, I hurried downtown to catch the 5:30 ferry at Liberty Street. I hustled through the gate at 5:29½ and breathed the commuter's sigh of satisfaction at having beaten time again. In Jersey City, my satisfaction evaporated. A glance at the train departure board showed that the 5:30's time had been shoved back ten minutes; a check of the new timetable showed that some extra stops had been added. The ride home from the day's work, already long, promised to be even longer.

This is an experience that is being repeated almost daily in the lives of America's 500,000 railroad commuters. In the age of jet air travel, when London is only some six hours from New York, the American commuter is worse off today than he was a half-century ago. And the future looks even gloomier.

Item: The commuter pays more and gets less. My own experience is typical. In 1944, a monthly commutation ticket to New York, good any day of the week, cost me less than $18. Today, for a five-day ticket (not good on weekends), I pay $32.40—and I'll soon pay around $40 when the mechanics of the latest fare increase have been ironed out. Some minimal improvements have been made, but for each improvement there has been a retrogression. Diesel locomotives have replaced the old steam engines, and indisputably they give a smoother, more comfortable ride. But this has been offset by the increasing roughness of the roadbed, the elimination of some trains and the piling of new stops on the schedules of others.

Item: Skimpy maintenance adds to commuter discomfort. In a massive economy effort, railroads have slashed jobs and maintenance. For the past five years, it has been esti-

FRED J. COOK, a reporter on a New York metropolitan newspaper, has been commuting to his job from his home on the New Jersey shore for nearly twenty years.

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mated, layoffs have proceeded at the rate of 5,800 a month nationally. Essential safety standards are maintained; but there maintenance generally ends. The result is that many commuting trains tend increasingly to resemble Balkan cattle cars. On one major line servicing New York, it is not exactly a novelty to find cars in which the lights do not function or with no heat in zero weather. On the New York, New Haven & Hartford, which admits it has cut out the "frills" in maintenance, commuters complain of the increasingly jolty roadbed and long delays in repairing broken windows. On the Jersey Central—that's my line—commuters often sit drenched as in a steam bath. Conductors explain that it is impossible to regulate the heat. "These coaches are forty years old," one conductor explained recently. "The seats of the valves are all worn out. They're turned off tight, but they're all shot. The steam comes right on through."

Item: Doubling or tripling commuter fares and cutting costs do not solve the railroad's problems; indeed, there is some highly credible evidence that these twin approaches only increase them by stimulating competition. For example, in one Chicago suburb last year, plans were announced for a chartered bus running nonstop, with individual reclining foam-rubber seats, windows with draw curtains, television, two electric razors, hot coffee and orange juice for morning bracers. The price of this plush twentieth-century commuting was roughly comparable to the charge on the outclassed local railroad. In some of the New York suburbs, less fancy chartered buses make commuter runs more swiftly than the trains, and car pools sometimes represent a penny-wise saving. Neither method, actually, should compete with the railroads. Unless you are on an absolutely regular-hour schedule, you can be in trouble if you miss the chartered bus. Travel by car is subject to the maddening frustrations and delays of city traffic. And neither method of travel compares in comfort and reliability with train service at its best. Yet the decade from 1946 to 1956, the decade that saw the greatest expansion of suburbia in America's history, witnessed these alternate and intrinsically less satisfactory means of travel slashing into the business that should go to the railroads. In this period, rail commuting travel dropped from 340 million to 247 million yearly.

Item: The inevitable result is crisis. Railroads throughout the nation insist (their figures, it must be pointed out, have to be evaluated with considerable skepticism) that they lost a staggering $723.5 million in passenger operations during 1957, with commuting service the principal budget-breaker. Losses are expected to be even greater for 1958. The railroads contend that the inevitable result of this continuing trend is bankruptcy, and they are now mounting a campaign of ultimatums; let us drop commuting service, even perhaps all passenger service, or subsidize us to the tune of millions, they are telling harassed local, state and federal governments. Spearhead of the new campaign is George Alpert, president of the New Haven, who caused consternation in Massachusetts last July when he abruptly announced cancellation of rail service on the Old Colony division, servicing the suburbs south of Boston. By this drastic step, he wrung a $900,000 subsidy from Boston and suburban municipalities. And now, using the same tactic, he is threatening to abandon commuter service to New York unless the city and three suburban counties in New York and Connecticut grant his line a $1.9 million annual subsidy.

THIS IS little more than a bare outline of an infinitely complex public problem. Abandonment of commuter service by the railroads would create traffic and parking chaos. The *Wall Street Journal* recently estimated that, if New York's 208,000 daily rail commuters all drove to work, 20 per cent of all Manhattan south of 60th Street would have to be converted into one huge parking lot. Chicago would need 375 miles of city streets for parking. And this, remember, would be the situation now; the future would be worse. Population in the nation is expected to grow another forty to fifty million by 1975; the peripheries of cities are expanding at a rate of a million acres a year; the near suburbs are becoming choked and the more distant countryside of farm and field is being turned constantly into new commuting suburbias. Abandonment of rail service in the face of these well-defined trends would confront us with the preposterous necessity of leveling cities to park cars for workers who would then have no cities in which to work.

Obviously, rail passenger and commuter service must be maintained, but the question is: How?

There seem to be only two choices: public ownership or subsidy. Cedric A. Major, president of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, startled the brotherhood of railroad executives December 1 when he announced that his line would apply to the Interstate Commerce Commission to abandon all passenger service. He startled the fraternity even more, however, when he conceded in a press interview that government operation of the passenger lines, following the practice now in effect in most of Europe, may turn out to be the only solution. Since government in business is anathema to the overwhelming majority of businessmen, Major stands virtually alone in this opinion. Most of his fellow rail executives want to temporize still further or hope, like Alpert, to cash in on subsidies.

THE PROPAGANDA for subsidies necessitates an examination of the validity of the railroads' position. The railroads, let it be said at once, have a case. One of the strongest angles of this case is the tax situation. This is a legacy from the days when railroads were virtually the only means of travel and waxed so rich that they represented a veritable gold mine for local taxing authorities. Now they are hurting financially; but a tax, once imposed, is hardly ever reduced. The New York Central, which owns New York's huge Grand Central Terminal used by it and the New Haven, last year paid New York City alone $16 million in taxes, making it the city's third largest taxpayer. New Jersey railroads this year paid local communities some $12 million — and warned they won't be able to pay it

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again. The New Jersey tax was so stiff, in fact, that the Pennsylvania Railroad actually paid out more in taxes than it earned in the state.

The railroads contend—and almost every student of the problem agrees—that the onerous taxes imposed upon them are crushingly discriminatory. They point out that literally billions of dollars in public funds have been poured out on thruways, tunnels and bridges—facilities for which trucks and buses pay little more than token taxes, but which enable them to undercut the railroads. Airports and airlines are likewise the beneficiaries of whopping public subsidies. Only the railroads are compelled to pay their full way and to shoulder back-breaking taxes.

All of this is true, but government, like the railroads, is caught in a financial snarl. If New York and three suburban counties, for example, grant the New Haven a subsidy by cutting some $1.9 million off its tax bill, the money is going to have to come out of the pockets of the average taxpayer, whose back is already no less over-burdened with taxes than is the railroad's. Many rail executives themselves feel that it would be unfair to impose this burden on the over-taxed citizen who does not use the railroads, but they can see no other solution.

ON THE surface, then, it might seem that the railroads are entitled to subsidies and inevitably must get them; but judgment in such a complicated jungle as this should not be formed on surface indications. Primarily, the public and its official representatives should decide just how much of the railroads' anguished bleat is fact and how much is propaganda. Commuters protesting the unceasing fare increases have long contended that the railroads gimmick their accounting procedures, loading an unfair proportion of costs on passenger service as compared to freight.

The railroads' estimate of a $723.5 million loss on passenger service in 1957 is based on a formula approved by the ICC. This federal regulatory agency, however, has long been suspected of being too closely in cahoots with the lines it is supposed to regulate, and recently it has even placed its official imprimatur on the railroads' own cries of doom. Many independent rail experts hold that a sounder formula than the ICC's would water down the staggering passenger loss to no more than $100 million; and some believe that the railroads actually continued to make money on passenger service until just a few years ago.

Dempster

A specific example of the kind of financial hot air that occasionally balloons railroad statements of fantastic losses was furnished last spring when the New York Public Service Commission turned a spotlight on the New Haven. In December, 1957, Alpert, the line's president, had said the road was losing $15 million annually on its passenger operations. On another occasion, the loss was put at $12 million. Still a third figure was given by Alpert in January, 1958, testifying before a Senate subcommittee: he said the New Haven was losing $8 million annually on commuter service. Subsequently, New Haven official spokesmen corrected the figure to $7.7 million. Yet even the $7.7 million "loss" was arrived at only by ignoring some impressive millions in income. For example, the New Haven had collected $2.6 million from the sale of 186 pieces of property in 1957, but this little item was omitted in arriving at the "loss" figure because it wouldn't be "proper accounting procedure" to regard it as revenue. Under some prodding from the PSC, it turned out that these millions had some equally unacknowledged company. The New Haven admitted that it had collected $2 million in rentals from four major New York hotels and some apartment houses built on its property; but this, said the railroad, was "non-operating" revenue and therefore it would be "obviously unfair" to consider it in calculating profit and loss from passenger operations. The fact remains that a "loss" figure that had started out at $15 million had been steadily watered down until only $3.1 million was left. What other less obvious items might be turned up in a minute analysis of the New Haven's ledgers, no one knows; but it would seem the public ought to know—and know definitely—before it agrees to tax itself another $1.9 million annually for the New Haven's benefit.

IF ONE NEEDS further proof of the necessity for extreme caution in assessing railroad figures, one has only to consider disclosures made this fall on a petition by the New York Central Railroad to abandon its station at Philipse Manor, a growing commuting area in rich Westchester County north of New York. The railroad tried to show that the station was a financial drag by listing, among other expenses,

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$3,710 for local real-estate taxes; but at a public hearing it developed that this was a bloated figure. Taxes on the station itself were just $900; the $3,710 figure was arrived at by adding taxes on 9.32 acres of choice real estate belonging to the railroad.

Even more embarrassing for the Central was the way its carefully-compiled figure on Philipse Manor commuter travel boomeranged. In a day-by-day compilation, the Central attempted to prove that one train was boarded by just thirty persons, another by twenty, another by a mere four. Unfortunately for the railroad, the day for which the traffic was listed was May 30, Decoration Day, a holiday when the trains that the Central had said carried this little handful of commuters weren't even running. The same tactical error was repeated by the Central when it listed traffic for July 4. This double blooper suggested to some unkind souls that the entire schedule had been faked; but the Central angrily said not so, some minor stupid clerk had just become confused copying off the figures.

In any event, the crudity of some of these financial distortions seems reminiscent of the days when railroads bought up entire state legislatures and rode roughshod over public opinion. Obviously, some basic changes are needed in this attitude before the railroads are permitted to tap the public till for subsidies.

What is basically needed is a full, Kefauver-type investigation to peel away the layers of phoniness from the railroad financial maze and to get at some basic truths. Even beyond this, railroad executives must be willing to make some radical changes in their thinking before heavy subsidies could conceivably be justified.

GRANTING the tax situation is inequitable, granting that commuter service is a drain because the roads must pay idle train crews for the lay-over time that separates night and morning rush-hours, the basic flaw in the railroad picture is the frozen mentality of most railroad executives. Rail passenger service simply cannot continue to exist if the railroads insist on committing suicide by raising fares to the point where they are no longer competitive with buses and airlines.

As Robert E. Bedingfield pointed out in *The New York Times*, "The business of the Pennsylvania and the Central has shrunk each time fares have been raised." And the *Journal of Commerce*, expressing the view that further hikes in commuter fares might be necessary, acknowledged the danger that this might only make a bad situation worse. "With each fare increase, traffic by rail dwindles and more spills out onto the highways," the *Journal* conceded sadly.

It seems obvious that what is needed, before subsidies, before anything else, is some daring and imagination on the part of railroad executives. There are some encouraging signs that an approach designed to make rail service faster, cheaper, more competitive, may woo back lost business and even in time restore profits.

THE Missouri Pacific this year slashed fares, offered cut-rate sleeping accommodations, improved service and served low-cost meals to coach passengers on its streamliner, the Colorado Eagle. The *Wall Street Journal*, reporting on this experiment at the end of July, noted: "Mopac is pulling passengers from competing railroads, buses and even airlines in this mid-America area." With reference to the railroad's reduction of round-trip coach fare, first-class fare and Pullman charges on its Houston-to-Brownsville run in May, the *Journal* said: "In the first month passenger revenues jumped around 20 per cent above a year earlier. And the gains are continuing."

A similar experiment is now being attempted on commuter lines serving Philadelphia — so far with a similar result. Philadelphia appropriated $160,000 on the promise of the Pennsylvania and the Reading to step up commuter and off-hour service to the northern residential suburbs. The Philadelphia city fathers explained that they did not regard the $160,000 as an actual subsidy, but merely as an underwriting of increased operational costs to see if improved rail service would take some of the clutter of cars off city highways. If this could be done, the pressure for ever larger highways, ever more bridges and tunnels, ever increasing parking facilities would be eased, and a subsidy to the railroads, even from the taxpayers' standpoint, would justify itself.

The New York *Herald Tribune* reported last month on the Philadelphia experiment at the end of the first month of a six-month test period. The Pennsylvania had increased the number of trains on its Chestnut Hill run by 33 per cent to thirty-six daily; service was stepped up to every fifteen minutes in rush hours, every half-hour in off-hours. The Reading boosted the number of its trains from thirty-three to thirty-six daily, Saturday service on both lines was almost doubled, and cheaper fares were tied in with bus-line transfers. The result: In the fourth week of operation, the Pennsylvania carried 4,133 more passengers than it had in the test week of October 6, before the plan went into effect, a gain of 14.8 per cent; and the Reading picked up 2,422 passengers in the same week, an improvement of 7.6 per cent over its test week in May. For the entire four weeks, the Pennsylvania gained 11,128 additional riders; the Reading 7,099. The effect on city traffic already was observable; 600 fewer automobiles a day were coming into the city from the suburbs.

Philadelphia hopefully assessed the advantages of the plan this way: Cheaper fares mean a saving, for the individual commuter, of 90 cents a day over automobile operation (including parking fees, insurance and fuel costs), or a total of $100 in the six months of the test period. This saving to the individual driver is projected into a much greater saving to the city. It means, Philadelphia estimates, that about $1 million annually can be saved on the cost of maintaining existing roads and providing police protection. And this is apart from the merry-go-round cost of building ever more and wider highways.

The Mopac and Philadelphia plans, if they continue to grow and fulfill their promise, offer this hopeful ray of light in an otherwise grim picture: the railroads could recoup their losses, regain lost business; they

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could receive the tax relief to which they are entitled (and this could be given without cost, perhaps even at an ultimate saving, to the taxpayer); and lastly, the commuter and the shopper could be given some of the twentieth-century creature comforts and service to which they are entitled.

But all of this can happen only if railroad management exhibits the kind of vision that will bring rail travel in line with the realities of the twentieth century. Subsidies are not justified and should not be given merely to allow a bad situation to continue to deteriorate. Even with subsidies, a continuation of present trends on most lines would mean steadily dwindling traffic, steadily declining revenues and the ultimate inevitability of government operation. If this should happen, the railroads should not be permitted to shuck off on government the unprofitable passenger business that they have helped to run into the ground while retaining the freight haulage on which they may still make a profit. For the public's welfare, if government operation has to come, it should embrace both passengers and freight.

Since the railroads obviously do not wish to be put completely out of business, they should be induced to accept the alternative of sensible, forward-looking cooperation. Let's find out what is the real truth behind the maze of propaganda figures that paint a horrible specter of colossal railroad losses. Let's find out what the railroads intend to offer in the way of more modern and complete service before we embark on a round of ever-increasing subsidies. And let's make sure that the railroads do offer what they should offer — the kind of service that will lure back the riders they should logically have and that will reduce the ever-mounting expenses of super-highways, traffic policing and parking. Only such a policy can insure the continued existence of the railroads as a private enterprise, operated with benefit to all.

COURAGE IN ACTION

Disc Jockey Fights the Blacklist . . *by Dan Wakefield*

THIS IS the story of John Henry Faulk, a professional front-porch philosopher who one day decided to put the homespun virtues he talked about into action. The results, of course, were catastrophic. It cost him not only his job, but the opportunity to practice his profession on radio and television. It cost him the expense of a battle in the courts that has been going on since June, 1956, and will probably not be brought to trial for another year. It left him, so to speak, barefoot in Athens, with a lifetime supply of that rare and unsalable commodity, self-respect.

John Henry Faulk is a Texan by birth and by nature, and before the Second World War was employed as a teacher of English and a student of folklore at the University of Texas. His mentor was J. Frank Dobie, the prose Carl Sandburg of the Southwest, and his studies were people, white and Negro, their songs and their stories. The war came along and took him out of Texas and once while in service he spent the Christmas holidays in New York with his friend and fellow-folklorist, Alan Lomax. At a party at Lomax' apartment, John Henry started talking — which in his case means entertaining — and one of the listeners was a fellow from the Columbia Broadcasting System, who asked him if he'd ever done a radio show. John Henry allowed that the only performing he'd ever done had been at parties, and sometimes at luncheons for ladies' clubs and university groups. The CBS fellow said that when John Henry got out of service he ought to come up to New York and try his talking on a CBS radio show, and thus it was that John Henry Faulk left the plains and came to Gomorra.

HE worked as a kind of homespun philosopher (one of his programs was *Johnny's Front Porch*) and disc jockey for CBS radio; served on several TV panels, such as *What's My Line* and *It's News to Me*; entertained at parties, dinners and night clubs and, in 1950, was given a five-day-a-week show of his own —called *The John Henry Faulk Show* — that lasted until his troubles brought an end to it in the fall of 1957. (In the following account of these troubles, no information has been forthcoming from Mr. Faulk's legal representatives; the public record and Mr. Faulk will speak for themselves.)

Mr. Faulk's new show consisted of records and talk. "I talked about the wife, kids, books, even politics. The politics was just satire, for both sides. It never made anyone mad—I never got any nasty letters or anything like that. And I worked in the stories I knew from home, and things I'd learned from when I studied folklore." The show was quite popular, with listeners and thus with sponsors, and "There was always a waiting list of sponsors to get a spot. I had eleven spots for advertisements a day, and they were all filled up." As John Henry now reflects, "I was doin' well."

That was in 1955 and it was during the spring of that year that Mr. Faulk happened to attend several meetings of his union, the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists (AFTRA), and was shocked by what was going on. AFTRA had been in a state of internal conflict

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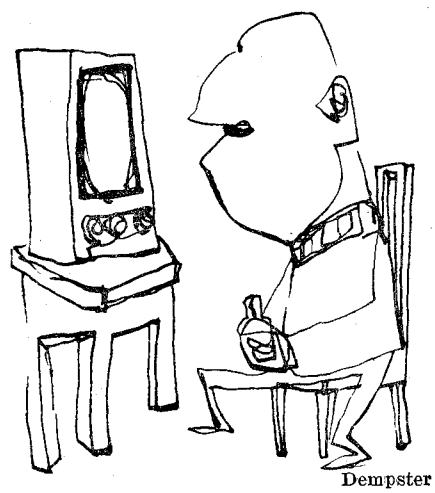
since 1950, when the publication of *Red Channels*, a listing of all radio and television actors alleged to be —or ever to have been—associated with communism or Communist fronts, gave birth to the practice of blacklisting in the industry. Actors who suddenly found themselves out of work because their names appeared on this list turned for help to their union and found that Vinton Hayworth, then the New York local's president, was also head of the local's newly formed committee on the blacklist. Not only did the actors get little sympathy from Mr. Hayworth, but some who had never been listed in *Red Channels* found themselves losing work when they ran in union elections against Hayworth and his supporters.

The position of these blacklist advocates in the union had been formalized in 1953 with the inception of an organization known as AWARE, whose announced mission was to expose and eliminate Communists in the entertainment world. Members and sympathizers of AWARE took control of the union's leadership, and the once well-attended union meetings often fell off so low that there wasn't a quorum. Not only was it dangerous to run against the AWARE officers, it was dangerous at meetings to talk against them, or against the blacklisting system. AWARE patriots took the names of those who did.

AT A meeting John Henry Faulk attended in the spring of '55, "One fellow was challenged with a picture of a May Day parade and accused of being in the crowd in the picture." The AWARE group, however, was meeting its own first real challenge at this time, as the result of its having put out a *Red Channels*-type list of the "subversive" connections of sixteen union members who had run against the AWARE candidates in the last election. Some of the sixteen were cited with such firm indications of subversion as having once received a good review from the *Daily Worker* drama critic.

Many of the union members who had never been charged with so much as watching a May Day parade had at last become indignant, and were fighting for a proposal to condemn AWARE for interfering with the affairs of the union and causing the irresponsible blacklisting of actors. The AWARE people warned that if such a resolution were passed, the House Un-American Activities Committee would come and investigate the union. The proposal passed 2-1 and, as AWARE had promised, the House committee came to investigate. John Henry Faulk, who had never before taken a stand on any of these matters, decided: "I was ashamed that I hadn't done anything about this," and he spoke out against the blacklisting system at one of the meetings. Soon afterwards, he had an unexpected visitor at one of his early morning disc-jockey shows — an investigator from the House Un-American Activities Committee.

THE investigator told Mr. Faulk the committee had information that he had once been a member of the Communist Party in Baltimore. Mr. Faulk explained that the only time he had been in Baltimore was on a passing train, and he hadn't had time to get a cup of coffee, much less join the Communist Party. Furthermore, Mr. Faulk said, he had never been a member of the Communist Party at any time in any place. The investigator then charged that Mr. Faulk, back in Texas, had been a member of the Southern Conference on Human Welfare. Mr. Faulk admitted that yes, at the urging of the president of the University of Texas he had indeed joined such a group, which included Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and a goodly number of Southern industrialists. Mr. Faulk further admitted to having once entertained for a folk-singing group known as "People's Songs," but assured the investigator that it was not to the best of his knowledge attuned to the plots of the Kremlin.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It was soon after this interview that John Henry Faulk went on vacation with his wife and three children to Fire Island. Faulk got to talking with some of his neighbors and fellow union members, Charles Collingwood and Orson Bean, and these men conceived the dangerous notion that although they had never been hurt by the blacklist, it was up to someone like them to take the responsibility to fight it. Thus far the only opposition to the AWARE union officers had come from members who were blacklisted. Faulk, Bean and Collingwood decided to form a "middle-of-the-road" slate made up of people who had never been on any blacklist, and were opposed to both blacklisting and communism in the union.

THEY won by the largest majority in union history, and took twenty-seven seats on the local's board of directors. Faulk was on the new board. Then AWARE and the House Un-American Activities Committee got to work. The day that the new officers took over in January of 1956, the House committee released a report which stated that the New York local of AFTRA had been reinfiltrated by Communists who were using their opposition to the blacklist as cover for their Communistic activities. CBS newsman Charles Collingwood, the local's new president, wrote an angry denial of the charges, and pointed out that "it is curious that to the best of my knowledge, the committee in its researches made no attempt to seek information from the officers or paid executives of the New York local of AFTRA."

But the hunt was on. Mr. Faulk says that two weeks after taking office, he was told that AWARE was about to issue a bulletin charging

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the new officers with subversive associations, and that he himself had been singled out for the heaviest attack. "I was told that I could save myself if I acted quickly. All I had to do was call Representative Francis Walter of the House committee and get the names he had of three people in the union charged with Communist associations, and start action to kick them out of the union." Mr. Faulk declined the offer and the AWARE bulletin appeared. Soon afterwards Orson Bean, one of the new vice presidents, was fired from the Ed Sullivan show. He had to withdraw from the "middle-of-the-road" coalition before Sullivan would hire him again. Others on the new board began to fear for their own professional lives, and the coalition began to crumble. Some defected, and ran so far to the other side of the road that they stood up in union meetings and "confessed" that they had been duped by the middle-of-the-roaders.

In the meantime, the AWARE organization was getting to work on Faulk. Laurence A. Johnson, a Syracuse supermarket operator, went to Faulk's sponsors and said that if they didn't withdraw from his show the public would be informed that their products were sponsoring a subversive character. Soon after that, Faulk was called into CBS and told: "Johnny, you're done for."

"I told them that the charges were hogwash, and that I'd signed a non-Communist affidavit when I joined the union and that in my six years at CBS no one had ever questioned my loyalty."

THAT WASN'T enough. Within a month, most all of Faulk's sponsors had withdrawn. None gave reasons. But near the end, the account executive of one of Faulk's sponsors came in and showed him letters that the sponsor had received from Laurence Johnson urging that they drop Faulk's show. Faulk had the letters photostated, and decided to sue his opponents. He was told, even by many of his friends, not to do it — that it would mean the end of his career, and that if he'd only drop things he could make a deal with AWARE, get out of the union fight, and go on in peace and prosperity.

"Well, it was just then I felt most like fighting," Faulk says. "I knew these guys couldn't stand to be brought out in the open. People advised me not to do it, of course — you know what some of them said? They said 'Johnny, if you sue, the papers'll get ahold of it and you'll become *controversial*!' Why shucks, I said, I've heard tell they build statues in this country for folks who were controversial."

In June of 1956, John Henry Faulk sued AWARE, Inc., Vincent Hartnett and Laurence A. Johnson on charges that they were engaged in "racketeering practices, involving the use of intimidation and terror in order to procure the blacklisting of radio and television artists" by charging these artists "however baselessly, with subversive or former subversive associations." Mr. Faulk also charged that the defendants had conspired to destroy his own livelihood and remove him as an officer of his union, and that they had participated in the publication of three libelous articles about him.

AT ABOUT this time John Henry was gratified to find that his public had rallied behind him: "I got hundreds of letters, my rating went up, and the sponsors came back within a month. You know, those letters were something — the Catholics said it was the Protestants out to get me, the Negroes said it was the whites, and I even got letters from McCarthy supporters who said that a bunch of subversives had destroyed McCarthy and 'the same bunch is after you now.' You see, my listeners thought I was 'controversial' and they liked it. I used to uphold Motherhood and the Family and God, but once in a while I'd say something like this is a free country and people shouldn't have to go to church if they didn't want to. Well, the folks thought that was real controversial, and they loved it."

It seemed as if John Henry Faulk had done the impossible — stood his ground, held his principles, and kept his job. The first court action on his case was in February of 1957. Represented by Louis Nizer, Faulk was upheld by the Appellate Court in its ruling that the defenses contained in the defendants' first answers to the charges had been improperly pleaded. When Faulk left for his vacation that summer, his show had a waiting list of sponsors, and his case was moving ahead in the courts. When he returned a month later, he was told that CBS had canceled his contract as of September, 1957. They gave as the reason that they were "reshuffling programs," and Faulk didn't fit into the new programing. Faulk accepted it, and soon got two other good offers. But the offers were suddenly canceled without explanation. Other offers came — and were just as suddenly canceled. "The word was out," Faulk said, "not to touch Faulk. The pressure was on again. I was told by a lot of people that everything would be all right if I'd just get out of litigation."

But Faulk wouldn't get out of litigation, and so he remained out of a job. Last May he was offered a choice job with a San Francisco station, and a CBS executive called him in and said that San Francisco had sent an inquiry about him, and why didn't he just drop the lawsuit. Faulk didn't drop it, and didn't get the job.

Pre-trial examinations began last May, and after Vincent Hartnett began to testify about his work with AWARE and the networks and advertisers, Godfrey Schmidt, AWARE president and counsel for the defendants, left the case. He was replaced by Roy Cohn.

THIS NOVEMBER Faulk won his fourth and most significant victory in the case to date when Justice Fine of the New York Supreme Court ruled that the defendants must answer all the questions and produce all the documents requested by Faulk's attorneys in the pre-trial examination. This means that the membership and mailing lists of AWARE, the correspondence of "research consultant" Vincent Hartnett relating to the blacklisting of actors, and his "records as to his finances and income, for the purpose of showing that the defendants extorted money in the manner alleged," all

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must be made public. Hartnett, a former supervisor of *The Gang Busters* program, testified in the pre-trial examination that as a "research consultant" on the subject of the alleged past pro-Communist affiliations of television and radio artists, he had received, during the years from 1952 through 1957, income totaling almost $95,000 from certain television sponsors and advertising agencies. A bit of the nature of this information was indicated by Mr. Hartnett's pre-trial testimony. The following questioning took place June 17, 1958, between Mr. Louise Nizer and Mr. Hartnett:

> *Nizer*: As I understand your position, you have never charged Mr. Faulk with being a Communist, is that right? That is what your counsel is saying.
>
> *Hartnett*: Yes.
>
> *Nizer*: You adopt that, don't you?
>
> *Hartnett*: Yes.
>
> *Nizer:* And you had never charged him with being pro-Communist without being a party member? I mean a pro-Communist sympathizer. You never charged him with that?
>
> *Hartnett*: I was once sold a barrel of false information.

The buying and selling of such information has proved expensive not only to advertising agencies and broadcasting companies, but more acutely, to individuals like John Henry Faulk, who were subjects of the "research" reports. In the pre-trial testimony, Mr. Schmidt, then acting as Hartnett's counsel, said he was not convinced that the "report" on Faulk issued by AWARE, listing his alleged subversive connections, was the cause of Faulk's losing his job. Mr. Nizer answered:

> *Nizer*: Let me put it this way without now trying to give you evidence. It is not at all a typographical error, this man was employed with the highest rating, very successful, tremendous number of sponsors. You all know that, and now he cannot earn a nickel. His wife had to go out and get a job as secretary to support her two children and pay the rent. He has been made offers, and every time an offer is made somebody brings up the charge, whether you intended it or not, your charge is deemed as a blacklist of him, and I don't use it in a technical sense, but there is a cloud over his head, whether he is a loyal American. And they won't employ him.
>
> You say, "Give me the proof, I don't believe it." It is not all a typographical error. You are a lawyer, successful at the bar, and as a teacher, and a distinguished member of the bar, and suddenly one day because of something being published about your patriotism you don't have a client for the next year, and for you to say "Prove it to me, and not that Mr. Godfrey Schmidt is a bad lawyer," is preposterous. . . . This man is absolutely barred because of the cloud you have created upon him in these publications. . . ."

Both Mr. Schmidt and Mr. Hartnett said they would be willing to write letters saying that Mr. Faulk was indeed not a Communist or a Communist sympathizer. The testimony on how the charges that AWARE published against Mr. Faulk were obtained and put together; of how AWARE worked with advertising agencies, business and government agencies in operating the "blacklist," has been partly recorded already and will be fully known by the end of the trial. But because of the complications of litigation and the delaying tactics of the defendants, it is doubtful that the trial can even begin for another year. In the meantime, John Henry Faulk still sits and waits. The industry, despite the cleansing assurances of Mr. Faulk's political purity by such professional purifiers as Godfrey Schmidt and Vincent Hartnett, still hasn't touched him. Evidently, in the industry's view, he remains "controversial" as long as he is in the courts of justice fighting for his rights as an American citizen.

JOHN HENRY FAULK will have lost a lot of sleep and a lot of money by the time the whole thing is over, but he will have kept what to him is more important—self-respect. The other day John Faulk puffed on his pipe and reflected that "Well, I figured I was always talking about standing up for what you believed was right, and I figured when the time came I better do something about it. I knew what I was in for when I decided to fight. But I consider myself lucky. The day I decided I could just as well run a filling station in East Texas as be a success in New York, I knew I was a free man."

I'd allow as how there's a lot of folks who'd like to be sitting on *that* front porch, John Henry.

THE HUMAN MATRIX . . *by Emile Capouya*

THE PRESIDENT of the United States poses for the camera beside the nose of a guided missile. The President smiles, the missile cone remains impassive. Nothing strange in that. Presidents are flesh and blood, and they often smile. Atomic warheads, of course, simply go off with a bang. It is all quite natural, yet no less embarrassing for being so. If we Americans respond to the President's smile with a sheepish grin, it is because we are embarrassed by the aptness of the tableau. It is a gross symbol for what we all know —that our misdirected technology has worked us into a corner.

Since the beginning of the industrial revolution, our technical advances have had increasingly awkward consequences. Of course, now that we have weapons capable of obliterating man and all his works, the problem posed by a blind technology looks particularly acute. But it is far from new, and it has always been serious. Long before we were offered the final insult of extinction, we were forced to learn how unpleasant life could be (in spite of

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flush toilets, chemical fertilizers and the internal-combustion engine) when its tempo was made to follow the rhythms of machine production. We even had reason to suspect that the machine had made the ideal of democracy irrelevant—technologically obsolete. We knew something was wrong.

But knowing that something is wrong with our control of science is not the same as an accurate diagnosis, let alone a cure. And, given our climate of thought, an accurate diagnosis is hard to come by. The trouble is that scientific technology is in fact the great mover and shaker in the modern world; it goes against the bias of the age to state the problem in any terms other than those suggested by our preoccupation with the nature and role of science.

Even our political rivalry with the Soviet Union is seen from this point of view. The Russians demonstrate that they are better than we are at rocketry; the practical men who govern us conclude that we must exaggerate the technical bias of our educational system; a cheer goes up from engineering faculties across the nation; an answering clamor is raised by professors in the humanities. The whole comedy revolves around science. Even the opposition has to suggest that traditional liberal education will make us more, not less, fit to beat the Russians at colonizing the fixed stars.

THE BEST of the joke is that, when they are not speaking for their respective trade unions, humanists and technicians, philosophers and scientists, stretch out imploring hands to one another, looking for comfort in their metaphysical distress. It is true that on the issue of education the claims made by both factions are tinged with a certain vulgar *arrivisme;* it sometimes looks as if the sciences and the humanities, in the persons of their professors, are lobbying for dear life, concerned not so much with the shape of the future as with insuring that the future, whatever its shape, has a place for them. But when the campaign is over, the harsh things said in the heat of battle are forgotten. Then Hans Reichenbach warns his fellow philosophers that they must bone up on science or else get left. Then Robert Oppenheimer begs his fellow scientists to break out of their stultifying specialties, and pursue science in a more philosophic spirit. It would seem that the philosopher and the scientist are doomed to wander in search of each other in the conceptual labyrinth that both have created in the modern world.

BUT WHAT if they should meet in the maze, and join hands, and look deep into each other's eyes—what kind of enlightenment could we expect? Why do we think it important for scientist and humanist to know each other and know each other's trades? Why do we assume that if they cannot understand each other's shoptalk they cannot understand anything? We never used to make that assumption about artisans, craftsmen, or even men who followed a profession. The smith knew that you waxed your thread before sewing with it. The cobbler suspected that hot iron was easier to work than cold. For the rest, it had taken each of them seven years to learn his own trade, and neither thought it necessary, desirable, or even practicable, to learn the other's mystery. Yet they never felt that they could not meet as men and brothers; they did meet, on the level of politics, religion and art, the fundamental concerns of men. If, nowadays, the professor of Romance languages and the professor of theoretical physics feel mutually isolated and alienated, it must be that politics, religion and art are not what they ought to be.

But these are the domain of wisdom, as a trade or specialty is the domain of skill. Politics—the life of the citizen, or the life of common action; religion—the sanction for action, or the life of common values; art—the gratuitous aesthetic, or the life of communion and self-recognition: these are the manlike activities. All others are instrumental and illiberal, and there is no use in making a mystique of them. Trades and professions begin as a compound of tinkering and drudgery, and civilization does not reside in them. Politics, religion and art are the human, the civil, matrix. And if the virtue has gone out of that sphere, if politics, religion and art are dead, our first concern must be to revivify them.

Politics is dead because its present-day goals respond to no significant need, and because its direction is not in the hands of the people whom, by courtesy, we call citizens. Our politics is concerned, on the internal level, with administering the division of profits produced by our industrial machine, according to a system that is not just, humanly useful, or otherwise edifying. Externally, it carries on a dangerous rivalry with other great industrial complexes. In the formation and execution of the policies that make up our politics, the citizen has no voice, no function. The two great vote-gathering machines, the Republican and Democratic parties, harvest the suffrages of the qualified voters most efficiently; nevertheless the parade of consultation is a farce because, by and large, no serious issues are allowed to emerge. We may debate in public which branch of our armed forces is to bear the chief responsibility and get the largest share of power and glory in the struggle with the Russians. But we are not vouchsafed the privilege of debating whether or not to fight the Russians at all; and yet that issue might make more sense to the voter than any other.

Breathing life into politics will take two things: defining goals that are useful and (if I may be forgiven the word) elevating, and facilitating the citizen's active participation in his own destiny. We know the arguments against the practicability of mass democracy, or Utopian communities, or phalansteries, or, for that matter, the town meeting. Nevertheless, we simply cannot afford to leave the situation as it is, a nexus of patronage and intimidation on every level from ward to nation. There are good, practical reasons for not meddling with that corrupt system, but they appeal only to those who are satisfied with a shadow-play in place of a living politics.

Religion, the moral springs of action, our codified ethos, is dead because it is a rubber-stamp for our dead politics. Perhaps religion, by its nature, must always be after the fact. Perhaps it must always be the

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rationalization of our actions rather than the inspiration therefor. But it might be worth a little effort to find out if that sad conclusion is necessarily so. We all suspect that a great upheaval would occur if the holy texts were ever taken seriously by those who profess the faith; maybe the first step would be for the preachers to take themselves seriously, instead of acting as unpaid and unregarded apologists for the status quo.

Art, of course, is a matter of nerve-tone and muscle-tone, a matter of energy, exuberance, élan. A living art never yet coiffed a dead politics and a dead religion. Before the life of communion and self-recognition can become meaningful, we must live the life of common action on a man-like level, and in the light of values worthy of being entertained by men.

What we have been talking about amounts to revolution, a new deal all round. It is unfortunate that the very notion of radical change is in such discredit today, when we are in a state of crisis that calls for nothing less. Our unwillingness to contemplate the necessity of revolution is a sad legacy of the thirties, and the fiasco in which the doctrinaire and self-satisfied program of the Marxists ended. To design a revolution worthy of the name would be to take up the responsibility for carrying on Western civilization—a responsibility that our leaders have abdicated. The possibility of an atomic war, the encroachment of mindless industrialism, the emergence of the super-state with its rites, tests and penalties—any of these may put a period to all speculation about liberty and all practical concern for it. Our manhood demands that we begin at once to think seriously about the direction that a humanly useful revolution should take.

COMING

Ralph Colp, Jr., author of a "psychological biography" of Sacco which appeared in the August 16 *Nation*, does a similar, and even more fascinating, study of Vanzetti for our next week's issue.—Ed.

FRANCE: A FOREWARNING . . *by Alexander Werth*

Paris

WHATEVER THE ultimate outcome may be of the sweeping victory that the "Gaullists" have won, it means not only a major revolution in France itself, but the crystallization of a virulent kind of nationalism of which the Free World has been comparatively free until now. And now we have it here, right in the heart of Western Europe. Commenting on de Gaulle's French People's Rally (RPF) which, in the municipal elections of October, 1947, had gained nearly 40 per cent of the popular vote, the late Emmanuel Mounier, the famous Catholic writer, said that fascism had not died in Europe with Hitler and Mussolini, and was beginning to rear its ugly head again.

This is not quite fascism yet—but the UNR (the Union for the New Republic) which now has 189 seats in the new Assembly, undoubtedly contains the seeds of what may well prove to be a new brand of fascism. And it is this which is the most significant aspect of the French election and not, as so many papers have said, the fact that the Communists were "wiped out." With the return of the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, the prewar single-member and two-ballot constituency system, this "wiping out" of the Communists was quite inevitable, since practically everybody was going to gang up against their candidates in the second round. The return to this system had been advocated in recent years by a variety of people, and often for the "highest" motives. They have now themselves fallen victim to it. In 1955 Mendès-France wanted a return to this system; more recently, Guy Mollet, the Socialist leader, also thought that with this system, the Socialists might well become—even under de Gaulle—the strongest single party in Parliament. Both had ignored Jacques Fauvet's "law of gravity," which says that if you eliminate the extreme Left, you only play into the hands of the extreme Right. M. Fauvet has been proved a prophet.

The results of the first round of the election were, in a way, less disturbing than those of the second round. It could even be argued that there had really been no major landslide: that the 3.6 million votes of the UNR merely represented the votes of that authoritarian, anti-parliamentary fringe that had always existed in France; that, in fact, they added up to not much more than the 2.5 million Poujade votes and the 900,000 Gaullist votes of 1956. But in the second round, the UNR vote rose from 3.6 million to 4.7 million, which means that in the case of more than a million voters, the UNR—and not the Socialists or any of the other older parties—was their "second choice."

With nearly 27 per cent of the French voting for the UNR and 23 per cent for the conservative "Independents," besides another 10 per cent who voted for various "Center"—but essentially right-wing—candidates, it is only too obvious that close to 60 per cent of the French electorate voted not only for the Right, but for the extreme Right. A disturbing feature was the sweeping victories in Paris of extreme Fascists like Biaggi, one of the organizers of the Algiers putsch of last May, and Le Pen, former head of the Poujade parliamentary party; and the dismal failure of practically all "left-wing Gaullists" like Pierre Clostermann and Debû-Bridel, both advocates of a relatively liberal policy in Algeria.

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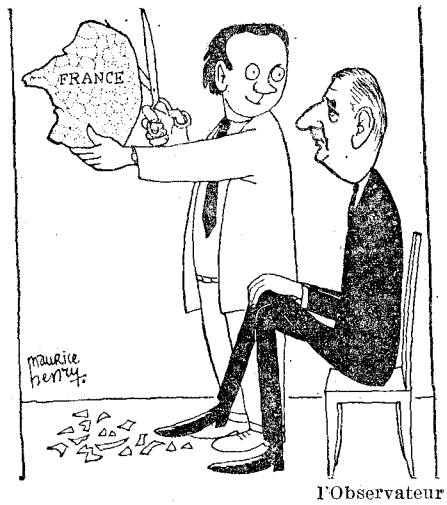
What produced this really astonishing Assembly, which will have ten Communists, forty Socialists, some thirty-five Radicals and other Center groups, fifty-seven Catholic MRP's and 189 UNR's and 132 Conservatives (to whom must be added most of the seventy-one Algerian deputies)?

Propaganda, of course, played an enormous role. With radio and TV in the hands of Soustelle, and 90 per cent of the press pro-de Gaulle, a swing to the Right was inevitable. There was a desire for a "strong man"; there was a belief, fostered by Soustelle's propaganda, that the UNR somehow represented de Gaulle more closely than any other party. There was also an anti-parliamentary bias, now stronger than ever in the country, as a result of the perpetual propaganda against the "system"; and there was little counter-propaganda to show that the Fourth Republic, for the last three years under the constant pressure of the Army and Algiers, was perhaps more sinned against than sinning. Above all, there was all the propaganda about "French Algeria": the almost unanimous determination not to compromise on this issue.

This arrogant nationalism, this desire for "change," affected enormous sections of the population; even part of the working class was won over from the Communists to the UNR.

THE BIG question today is whether de Gaulle himself is really delighted with the incredible kind of Assembly that has emerged. It is, in fact, a belated triumph of the RPF of 1947-53—which is precisely what Jacques Soustelle has been working for. His very first comments, as the election results were pouring in, were significant: "There are only two parties in France—the National Party and the Communist Party." Which is almost word-for-word what de Gaulle said at Strasbourg in 1947: "I trust the RPF will, before long, embrace the whole of the French nation—with the exception, of course, of the Separatists and a few cranks." By "Separatists" he meant the Communists, and the "cranks" were squeamish left-wing intellectuals.



l'Observateur

"Your silhouette in one minute!"

Here are all the elements of the Single Party idea—the very basis of any totalitarian regime. Since May, de Gaulle has never claimed that he wanted a return to the RPF. He seemed, on the contrary, to fall in with Mollet's brilliant idea that the election, under the new system, would produce either a "British" two-party system, with a small government majority and a large Opposition, or a Chamber so evenly divided that it could easily produce a well-balanced "National Government."

The miscalculations of Mollet—the man who started the rot by surrendering to the ultras of Algeria back in 1956, and who then thought he could "run" de Gaulle—have proved monumental. In a sense, the Socialist defeat is even greater than that of the Communists. Mollet's whole Opposition will amount to forty Socialists and perhaps another fifty Left-Center deputies—a total of ninety facing a monstrous mob of some 400 members of the Right and the extreme Right.

Will de Gaulle, impressed by the country's reaction, now support Soustelle's conception of a "National Party" comprising everybody except the Communists? Or will he, with his immense powers as President of the Republic, curb the more extravagant ambitions of the vast right-wing and Fascist majority of the Assembly?

IN THIS connection, one must ponder on de Gaulle's conduct since May. Has he been the liberal, fair-minded, anti-dictatorial leader that he claimed to be? Was he sincere when he convinced Defferre that he wanted a fair and peaceful settlement in Algeria—with the result that Defferre (now out on his ear) swung the Socialist Party, in the September referendum, to the support of de Gaulle? Was he sincere when he claimed that he wanted a strong Socialist Party in Parliament—a claim which led Mollet to see himself as de Gaulle's first Premier? Liberals in France were impressed when de Gaulle ordered the Army to leave the Committees of Public Safety in Algeria; they were impressed again when he demanded that Salan allow free and competitive elections in Algeria. But they began to have doubts when de Gaulle allowed Salan to ignore his orders, and refused to call off an Algerian balloting which, in the circumstances, could only be "phony." Under these circumstances, it is rather pathetic to think that the liberals' last hope is the "moderating" influence of de Gaulle.

I'd like my American readers to remember just one thing: let them not dance with joy because de Gaulle has "licked the French Communists." That is not the point. By artificial means, the four million Communist voters—i.e., a high proportion of the working class whom the fatuous Mollet never managed to win over to his brand of "practical" socialism—have been deprived of practically all parliamentary representation. However, these four million have not represented a big political force for over eleven years. The real danger in France is of a different order: democracy, such as it was, is in danger of being finally wiped out by a nationalist - colonialist - Fascist steamroller. It will not do the Free World much good to have a totalitarian regime in France, of all places. It is, for one thing, a contagious disease. Its "dynamism" will be dangerous in Africa.

I hope the United States will use what influence it can to persuade de Gaulle not to allow a free hand to the extremists. I could point out a few among the French today who are every bit as crazy as the craziest of Germans produced by the Nazi regime.

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The Odyssey of Slocum

THE VOYAGES OF JOSHUA SLOCUM. Edited with commentaries by Walter Magnes Teller. Rutgers University Press. 410 pp. $6.

Robert Hatch

> When all had been saved from the wreck that was worth saving, or that could be saved, we found ourselves still in the possession of some goods soon to become of great value to us, especially my compass and charts which, though much damaged, were yet serviceable and suggested practical usefulness; and the chronometer being found intact, my course was no longer undecided, my wife and sons agreeing with what I thought best.
>
> The plan, in a word, was this: We could not beg our way, neither would we sit idle among the natives. We found that it would require more courage to remain in the far-off country than to return home in a boat, which then we concluded to build and for that purpose.

EVEN out of context, these sentences make the nerves tingle. Anyone with an ear for folk legend will recognize this as the authentic voice. In context, the two paragraphs mark the moment when the career of Joshua Slocum ends and the odyssey of Joshua Slocum begins. It is not often that you can fix so precisely the decision that guarantees immortality.

Captain Joshua Slocum was a fool of the gods in their most saturnine mood. They gave him good fortune beyond any man's rightful expectation — and all of it in his youth. The son of an impoverished Nova Scotia farmer (the family had been royalist during the Revolution and fled to Canada), Joshua quit school at ten and commanded his first vessel at twenty-five. By the time he was forty he was part owner and captain of the *Northern Star*, an 1800-ton square-rigged ship engaged most profitably in the Pacific trade. He was deeply in love with his wife, who companioned him on all his voyages and bore his children in the ports where his cargoes carried him. Dangers and gambles were behind him, he had survived disasters with fortunes improved, and he stood in his prime one of those blessed men who seem to hold the reins of the future in their hands. Any Greek could have warned him.

Five years later, in 1887, Slocum was standing on a sandbar in a small Brazilian harbor, examining the total wreck of his last hope. The vessel mentioned in the quotation was not the *Northern Star*. She had been sold, after a complexity of sorrows, and converted into a coal barge. This was the *Aquidneck*, a small but elegant bark which Slocum had bought with the last of his suddenly foundered fortune and had been sailing with indifferent success in the American coastal trade. She had come to final grief after a series of accidents — cholera, political foul play, mutiny, smallpox — so grim as to be almost ludicrous. And the wife was not the beloved Virginia of Slocum's youth. She had died in Buenos Aires on the *Aquidneck's* first voyage south, and the Captain had married from loneliness a cousin, Hettie, whom he appears to have respected and never admitted to his heart. The sons, who agreed with what he thought best, were his oldest and his youngest, Victor and Garfield, aged fifteen and six.

Slocum was not only a master mariner; he was an untaught but brilliant shipbuilder. Years earlier he had built a vessel in the Philippines. He had not been paid for his labor, but was given an old schooner in exchange and that was the base on which he founded his fortune. Now he set the base for his legend by building a second ship from lumber sawed by the half-savage natives, improvised hardware and a plan in his head. It came out half Cape Ann dory, half Japanese sampan; it was thirty-five feet long, Slocum called it a canoe and christened it the *Liberdade* because it was launched on the day that Brazil freed its slaves.

The Captain brought his family home in the *Liberdade*, some 5,500 miles through storms, dangerous currents and the shoal hazards of a coastal voyage in fifty-five days. The last leg was through the swamps of North Carolina, under the pilotage of a native duck-hunter who shot their dinner of celebration for them as he directed the way through "gran'ther's ditch." The *Liberdade*, he remarked, was the first vessel from Brazil to take this passage, the channel being in places only a foot deep.

This daring trip won Slocum some momentary fame and he attempted to capitalize on it by writing his first book, *Voyage of the Liberdade*, which he printed at his own expense. That is almost always an act of desperation, and the Captain was soon desperate. Sailing vessels were fast disappearing, Slocum would not reconcile himself to steam, and he was reduced before long to odd jobs around the Boston shipyards.

Then in the winter of 1892, fate took him by the sleeve again, fate in the guise of a retired whaling captain with a rough sense of humor. Running into Slocum on the waterfront and learning that he still hankered for a command, this Captain Eben Pierce remarked that he had a vessel over in Fairhaven that he would gladly give his old friend. Next morning Slocum was in Fairhaven, looking at his gift ship—an ancient oysterman lying abandoned in a riverside pasture. Her name was the *Spray*.

SLOCUM knew a joke when it pierced him, but he was in no position to laugh. Captain Pierce had said the *Spray* would want some repairs, and Slocum set to work. He replaced, one by one, every timber, plank, spar, bolt and fitting on the derelict; he also modified her lines—improvements for some project which as yet he probably did not envision. When the job was finished, she was brand-new from keel to masthead, a sloop thirty-seven feet long that weighed nine tons and "sat on the water like a swan."

Before completing the *Spray*, Slocum took time out to act as "navigator in command" of an iron gunboat, the *Destroyer*, a secret weapon of the day which had been bought by the Brazilian Navy to put down an insurrection and which was to be taken south in tow. This was a dangerous, grotesque and futile journey that left Slocum laughing in a baffled rage. You can read about it—it was the subject of his second *Voyage* and it provides some of his most hilarious anecdotes—but I don't want to stop for it here. Once you come up to the *Spray* you are in the presence of great legend and become impatient with lesser tales.

> A thrilling pulse beat high in me. My step was light on deck in the crisp air. I felt that there could be no turning back, and that I was engaging in an adventure the meaning of which I thoroughly understood. I had taken little advice from anyone, for I had a right to my own opinions in matters pertaining to the sea.

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Thus Slocum sailed out of Boston on the morning of April 24, 1895, bound for a voyage, single-handed, around the world. He was going, ostensibly, because he thought (and was encouraged to think by his publishers) that the daring exploit would make a salable book. Deeper than that, though, his genius drove him. He was a brilliant navigator and sailor and there was no work for him to do. So he flung his skill into a gesture of heroic pointlessness. Since his profession was gone, he became the supreme amateur; art for art's sake never had a more devoted worshiper than the grim-faced Captain Slocum.

WHAT sort of man was this who set off for Boston from Boston, by way of the Straits of Magellan and the Cape of Good Hope? He is not easy to know, but by the time you have shared three voyages with him—and the most famous of these with no other shipmate to dilute the intimacy — you know him pretty well. *Sailing Alone Around the World* is much richer for the background of the two earlier *Voyages,* and Walter Teller does a great service by bringing all of Slocum's writings together. (In addition to the three journals, this book contains the long, tragic correspondence that grew out of Slocum's irrational attempt to collect damages from Brazil for the wreck of the *Aquidneck,* his testimony at the inquiry following a mutiny on that vessel, and his account of the rescue of some Marshall Islanders in the great days of the *Northern Star.* Mr. Teller also contributes from his own hand a succinct, vivid biography and forewords to the individual voyages. These last I advise skipping, at least on first reading; they outline what Slocum is going to say, a somewhat intrusive service.) It is a privilege to be close to the man and a rare treat to foresee the surprises in store for strangers—Fuegian pirates, for example, or the renowned Stanley of Africa—who do not quite take his measure on first meeting.

I said he was grim-faced. Photographs, even the one taken of him in his late thirties, show the fierce, stark-eyed face of a crusty prophet. He was narrow-shouldered, rather mean of body; his wrists were thin and his fingers long and delicate. He cannot have enjoyed unusual strength, but the agility implied by some of his feats aboard the *Spray* is confirmed by that figure.

> One day, well off the Patagonian coast, while the sloop was reaching under short sail, a tremendous wave, the culmination, it seemed, of many waves, rolled down upon her in a storm, roaring as it came. I had only a moment to get all sail down and myself up in the peak halliards, out of danger, when I saw the mighty crest towering masthead-high above

Dottissimi Signori: Giacomo Leopardi

HORACE GREGORY

Listen to hidden music: *Morte ti chiama*
Where Giacomo sits, invisible spirit
With a flickering tongue, the spiral flame
In sunlit heat that rises: *Morte ti chiama*
From where? From the heart of noon,
From Iron Table, from Chair that waits
In fiery light pouring its ceaseless arrows,
Morte ti chiama in an empty square.

In divine light Giacomo is not human:
He is more or less than human in the sun,
His breath in fire, unwanted, always there,
Wraith in a blue coat under a black hat,
Dottissimi signori sipping ices,
Little tree-toad that does not weep, but spits—
Or priest or devil in his glancing smile?—
Here, here or there, or there and gone—

His beatific smile that slips between
Kisses of lovers in a latticed window
Or behind shutters of a shop, his breath
Between their lips—suddenly *Il Gobbo!*
Morte ti chiama! in a whispered echo.
No, he has not touched them, yet his smile
Entered the room and vanished through closed doors,
And far away, a whining violin:

Morte ti chiama, voice of the damned
Who heard a farm girl sing her heart away,
A burning virgin in an upland meadow,
Saw Luciola leaning from her window,
Blessed them like any priest, and saw them fade
Into the sunlit visions of the soul,
The fragile, golden broom through ruined walls,
Morte ti chiama in their childhood's summer:

Where Giacomo runs through Recanati
Flying from cries of children through the streets:
"*Il Gobbo, Gobbo*-toad, make music for us,
Crow like a leaping monkey on a stick—"
Among stones flying see *Il Gobbo* run,
More stones that fly than arrows of Sebastian—
These pierce the cassock striking at the heart:
Morte ti chiama through *Il Gobbo's* flight.

And after them, the Fanny Targione
Who cries, "*Il mio gobbetto,* ah, my cat,
My devil who's my blue-eyed marmoset,
My little cupid with a broken back
Who brings me roses on a winter evening,
His forked tongue at my breast: take him away,
And as he leaves the house, sweep out the parlor;
The devil sweats in sulphur where he walks."

Morte ti chiama chiming where he turns:
No, he is not of earth; he is of the cloisters
Of the far Diana in her silver net,
Or of the flame that burns within the sun.
He is of their being, careless of the world,
All cold, all heat, the fever at his throat,
And cannot sleep, nor any grave his bed,
Has walked abroad and steps his way to Naples,

To noon at Naples among brisk whores and thieves,
Among the lost and laughing: *Morte ti chiama*
Crying around him through blind heat and shade;
Beyond mid-day the sun falls to the waters,
Beyond mid-night the setting of the moon
Into a timeless noon, his unseen presence,
Restless at empty Chair, at waiting Table,
And from his broken tomb: *Morte ti chiama.*

Note: Giacomo Leopardi, the poet, was born at Recanati, 1798, died at Naples, 1837. Gloss: *Dottissimi Signori* roughly equals supremely learned gentleman or master; *Morte ti chiama,* death calls you, *Il gobbo,* the hunchback; Fanny Targione was Leopardi's "Aspasia."

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me. . . . It may have been a minute that from my hold in the rigging I could see no part of the *Spray's* hull.

If you can visualize the moves that the Captain had to make in that "moment" when the wave reared over him, if you can then see him leaping high into the rigging as his vessel disappeared under the white water, you may imagine the type of nervous, flexible body his pictures show.

Slocum did not look, and had no strong reason to be, a very amiable man, but his friends were legion—in the literal sense which that word does not usually intend. He had cronies in almost every major port the world over, and where he had none he soon made them. When the *Spray* was in harbor, he dined with the dignitaries of the town, and he held open house for the return visits of formality and friendship. Without ado, he found himself on equal terms with governors and admirals and their ladies (you realize from this circumnavigation what empire meant in the last century—almost every port that Slocum touched was a British port). These exchanges were natural to him—he had been a captain for twenty years and automatically represented the United States (he had become a citizen in his heyday) wherever he dropped anchor.

> Here [Thursday Island] the *Spray* remained over until June 24. Being the only American representative in port, this tarry was imperative, for the 22nd was the Queen's diamond jubilee.

And then the sailor in him adds:

> The two days over were . . . for "coming up."

Half way around the world, Slocum began to give lectures, as a means of picking up his working money. Said *The Owl* of Capetown: "The Captain is an excellent raconteur; he kept a crowded house in a state of highest amusement." He was a raconteur, and a good deal more. One doesn't read his journals today just because he sailed around the world in a gesture of defiance to the furies who plagued him on land. He was a great lover and close witness of the sea, a student, teacher and poet.

> About midnight the fog shut down again denser than ever before. One could almost "stand on it." It continued so for a number of days, the wind increasing to a gale. The waves rose high, but I had a good ship. Still, in the dismal fog I felt myself drifting into loneliness, an insect on a straw in the midst of the elements. . . .
>
> During these days a feeling of awe crept over me. My memory worked with startling power. . . . I heard all the voices of the past laughing, crying, telling what I had heard them tell in many corners of the earth.
>
> The loneliness of my state wore off when the gale was high and I found much work to do. When fine weather returned, then came the sense of solitude, which I could not shake off. I used my voice often. . . . At the meridian altitude of the sun I called aloud, "Eight bells," after the custom on a ship at sea. Again from my cabin I cried to an imaginary man at the helm, "How does she head, there?" and again "Is she on her course?" But getting no reply, I was reminded the more palpably of my condition. My voice sounded hollow on the empty air, and I dropped the practice.

But Slocum took to singing—"Johnny Boker" and "We'll Pay Darby Doyl for His Boots"—he read, he mended, he planned meals and worked his position, and after this early seizure solitude did not trap him again. Here is another superb passage; this from the Voyage of the *Liberdade:*

> I ran in toward the land, so as to avoid the ugly cross sea further out in the current. This course was a mistaken one; we had not sailed far on it when a sudden rise of the canoe, followed by an unusually long run down on the slope of a roller, told us of a danger that we hardly dared to think of, then a mighty comber broke, but, as Providence willed, broke short of the canoe, which under shortened sail was then scudding very fast.
>
> We were on a shoal, and the sea was breaking from the bottom! . . . The helm hard down, brought the canoe round, bows to the danger, while in breathless anxiety we prepared to meet the result as best we could. Before we could say, "Save us, or we perish," the sea broke over with terrific force and passed on, leaving us trembling in His hand, more palpably helpless than ever before. Other great waves came madly on, leaping toward destruction; how they bellowed over the shoal! I could smell the slimy bottom of the sea, when they broke! I could taste the salty sand!

And one often encounters this sort of sharp economy:

> The *Spray's* next companion of the voyage was a swordfish, that swam alongside, showing its tall fin out of the water, till I made a stir for my harpoon, when it hauled its black flag down and disappeared.

Slocum is a wit. Behind the solemn, downcast beard, the lips twirk with dry humor. Off the coast of South America on the run home, the *Spray* learned from passing vessels that the United States was at war with Spain. In a day or so, the battleship *Oregon* came up on her stern, flying the signal: "Are there any men-of-war about?" Slocum ran up the answer, "No," and added "Let us keep together for mutual protection."

Poor Mr. Stanley, whose search for Livingston was scarcely a nautical exploit, was moved to give Slocum some advice and warning. He advocated watertight compartments against the hazard of rocks. Slocum, not long before, had spent a night in a gale off Fury Island in the Milky Way, a hellish spot northwest of Cape Horn that is all rock, white water and no shelter. He wondered to himself what compartments would have done for him there, and replied that "she must be kept away from the rocks." Not giving up easily his urge to instruct others, Stanley then asked, "What if a swordfish should pierce her hull?" To that Slocum "ventured to say that 'the first thing would be to secure the sword.'" On their meeting again the next day Stanley avoided sea topics.

SLOCUM'S seamanship was so brilliant as to be in itself a kind of wit. His chronometer was an alarm clock he had bought cheap because the glass was cracked and which he had to boil occasionally to keep running. His log contains entries like "For slip, off, and for current, on, as per guess, about equal—let it go at that." But after forty-three days in the open Pacific he decides that the island of Nukahiva must be near and in a few hours its peaks thrust up from the horizon. He was astonished, on first publishing his chronicle, to find that experienced sailors doubted his descriptions of the *Spray* sailing for whole days and nights on a true course with no hand at her wheel. Did they suppose that Slocum had stood to the helm the whole way around the earth? He set the sails and lashed the wheel according to the strength and direction of the wind and the set of the current. The *Spray* then kept her road, for that was the way he had built and studied her.

He made the impossible look easy and this offhand perfection must have been something of a trial to his sailing contemporaries. But he was also—it is the

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saving human quality—careless on occasion. He will describe with unself-conscious simplicity an exploit—that night off Fury Island, for example—that no other mariner would have survived; and with equal simplicity he will recall driving onto a sandbar in favorable weather along a sunny coast. The *Aquidneck* was not lost in a gale and that moment in the *Liberdade,* quoted above, was hardly the result of prudent sailing. Once the Captain fell into danger, he could do more than most men to extricate himself; but, take them altogether, he lost a good many ships in his time. He lost the *Spray* in the end and himself with her. But that was years later, and by then perhaps he was not just heedless. He was old, she was old—and he may have planned to let the sea win the last trick.

It seems a shame to end with so many of the great passages unrecalled. Falling into a fever after leaving the Azores, Slocum saw the phantom helmsman of the *Pinto* at his wheel and the two sailors passed the night in ironic dialogue. Coming through the Straits of Magellan a second time (storms had driven him back almost to the starting place) he discovered an island where the charts showed a point. He jumped ashore and took possession by driving a sign into the Godforsaken spot—"Keep off the grass." I like his sense of his own adventure:

> Early the next morning, August 4, I discovered Spain. I saw fires on shore and knew that the country was inhabited.

I like to remember him walking in the garden at Samoa with the widow of Robert Louis Stevenson; driving mutineers down the deck of the *Northern Star,* Virginia with a revolver in each hand to guard his flanks; taking a group of schoolgirls from Mauritius for a day's sailing and becoming so delighted by their delight that he was benighted in a quiet cove. I am glad to learn that, as a storm abates, it is important to crowd on as much sail as possible to stay ahead of the following seas; I appreciate it that when Slocum saw an unusual length of kelp, he took the trouble to measure it: 131 feet. And I am very happy to hear him say:

> I was *en rapport* with my surroundings, and was carried on a vast stream where I felt the buoying of His hand who made all the worlds.

He is right—in the sense that mattered to her skipper, the *Spray* was on a voyage of great discovery.

A Genius in His Time

BIZET AND HIS WORLD. By Mina Curtiss. Alfred A. Knopf. 477 pp. $7.50.

Harold Clurman

"BIZET'S music seems to me perfect," Nietzsche wrote in 1888—after he had seen *Carmen* for the twentieth time. "It comes forward lightly, gracefully, stylishly. It is lovable, it does not sweat. . . . This music is wicked, refined, fatalistic—and remains popular withal—it possesses the refinement of a race, not of an individual." . . . It has a "southern, tawny, sunburnt sensitiveness."

Though Nietzsche's praise of Bizet was employed to belabor Wagner, his description of Bizet's music strikes me as one of the aptest ever written. Nietzsche's extravagance in this matter shocked Bernard Shaw who regarded *Carmen* as a flimsy work. And I remember Alfred Kazin making a disapproving grimace when I mentioned my attachment to the piece.

This discrepancy of opinion persists wherever there are people who think of art in terms of exaltation and are consequently suspicious of any work intended as entertainment. In many instances history has contradicted their severity. *Carmen* is the most frequently played opera in the world repertory of that genre.

Despite this, comparatively little has been written about Bizet. Mina Curtiss' *Bizet and His World* is the only biography of its kind in English, and it is an excellent work—thoroughly informed, admirably documented, sensible and continuously interesting.

It is interesting because though Bizet—apart from his gifts—was not an extraordinary person, Mrs. Curtiss has chosen to show him to us "against the background of his age"—Paris in the middle of the nineteenth century—"seen through his eyes and through those of his contemporaries rather than through my own."

The book fulfills its purpose notably, though in my view that purpose entails a limitation—the limitation of many fine biographies which aim at complete objectivity. It is a good thing to eschew sentimentality, self-indulgent impressionism and conjectural
aesthetic or psychological
a writer who adheres too s
such a modest approach runs
of ending with a certain coldne
of zest or flair. A creative dime
biography, it seems to me, is a
when the biographer allows him
personal point of view, a philosop
prejudice, an assertion of his own t
perament.

Mrs. Curtiss evidently does not fe
free to vent her own evaluations of o
comments on Bizet's music—in the manner of Nietzsche who after all was not a music critic either. Apart from quotes by Bizet's coevals, she cites Bizet himself, who said apropos of the Italian school, "My sensuous nature lays me open to the spell of this music which is at the same time facile, lazy, amorous and passionate." This is especially provocative because Bizet added "By conviction . . . I am a German," meaning that his musical training attracted him to the tradition of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven *et al*—but his blood beat in another rhythm which is precisely where his genius lay.

ALL through the book Mrs. Curtiss quotes with discrimination and illuminating effect, so that I feel constrained to follow suit. "One wonders now," Saint-Saens wrote, "why this charming musician, this lovable and jolly lad, found so many obstacles in his way." He describes Bizet as "the embodiment of youth, of vigor, of gaiety and good nature! . . . Loyal and sincere, he never disguised his friendship or his antipathies."

There is a wonderful quote from a delightfully and significantly self-contradictory letter Bizet wrote to a friend in which he discusses religion, progress, reason and art. "I believe that the whole future belongs to the perfecting of our social contract. . . . Society perfected, no more injustice, therefore no more malcontents thus . . . no more priests, no more policeman, no more crimes, no more adultery, no more prostitution, no more violent emotions, but wait—No more music, no more poetry . . . above all no theatre, no fallacies, so no art. Unhappy as it may make you, your inevitable, implacable progress kills art! . . . The societies most infected with superstition were the greatest promoters of art. . . . As a musician, I declare that if you suppress adultery, fanaticism, crime, fallacy, the supernatural, there is no more means of writing a note. . . ."

There are exciting and revealing quotes of Bizet's reaction to the Franco-Prussian War (still entirely relevant), to the

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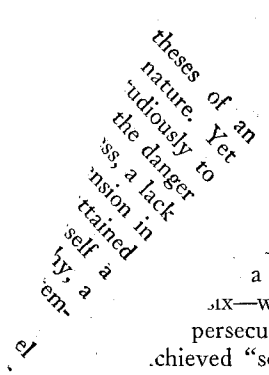

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telligence,
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et was in many
a romantic kid—
ix—with the artist's
persecution.
chieved "solid" success in
. The Symphony in C he

wrote as a boy of eighteen wasn't played until 1935. An opera he wrote—apparently of considerable merit—was not performed until after the Second World War—and then in Germany. This eminently popular composer was frowned upon as a musical revolutionary in his day. His masterpiece was virtually "banished" from the opera houses of France until long after it had become famous elsewhere.

Is not all this fascinating? One reason it proves so is that Mrs. Curtiss has done a first-rate job.

The Well-Packaged Fraud

DEMOCRACY VERSUS COMMUNISM. By Kenneth Colegrove. Edited by Hall Bartlett. D. Van Nostrand Company. 424 pp. $4.95.

David Spitz

WHEN men of affairs take up ideas, the litter of wreckage can be immense. This need not, of course, be so; and Churchill and Mendès-France are admirable cases to the contrary. But American statesmen and military leaders have rarely been distinguished for their intellectual qualities, or for their capacity to bring eminent minds into their service. In this regard the effort of the present Administration to wage a successful ideological war is remarkable, perhaps, only for its disproportionate share of banal performances.

Two out of many earlier illustrations must suffice. In November, 1955, the Pentagon released, to the accompaniment of front-page headlines, a new ideological weapon to combat communism. This weapon, a concept called "Militant Liberty," was embodied in an eighteen-page pamphlet that was the product of eighteen months of work by one John C. Broger, a protégé of Admiral Arthur W. Radford, then chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The ridicule and hostility that greeted this amateurish and silly pamphlet forced the Pentagon within two days to withdraw the plan for "repackaging," though it had already been introduced into study courses at the National War College and Air War College and Radford made clear his determination to use it to indoctrinate American troops at home and abroad. After all, the Pentagon argued, there is a crying need for a free world ideology that will prove stronger and more dynamic than communism. Apparently democracy is not enough.

Four months later the United States Information Agency, one of the groups that had been most hostile to Radford's plan, released one of its own major weapons in the ideological struggle. This was a catechism of some 200 questions-and-answers under the title, *A Primer of Communism.* Translated into several languages, it was distributed to the agency's 199 foreign posts in eighty countries to help American officials meet questions put to them on the nature and problems of communism. Among the presumably useful items in this catechism are the following: Chapter I, Question 5 — "Who are the Communists and how do they differ from other people?" The answer, translated from their English, is: They are people who believe in Communism. Chapter II, Question 9 — "Does the government of a Communist country stay in power indefinitely?" The answer, again translated into English, is: Yes, so long as it can maintain itself. These and similar items — e.g., Socialists differ from Communists in that "they advocate free elections and free enterprise" — attest to the absurdity of the work.

Now the Department of Defense has announced that it will distribute to the armed forces one million pamphlets containing ten of the nineteen chapters of *Democracy Versus Communism,* a high school textbook written by Kenneth Colegrove and sponsored by the Institute of Fiscal and Political Education. According to the president of the Institute, the textbook took four years to prepare at a cost of approximately $150,000 and has already been approved for use by boards of education in cities of no less than twenty-one states. He did not add that the author of this book is known less for his achievements as a professor of political science than for his long association with General MacArthur and Senator McCarthy and for his role as a consultant to the Reece Committee that attacked scholarly foundations in this country.

THIS book is handsomely packaged. It is attractively printed, profusely illustrated, and graced with many boxed-in quotations and vignettes. More important, in an age that seems to value affirmation, it is decidedly affirmative. There is no wonder or questioning here. There are no vexing problems, no shades of gray. All is black-and-white simplicity. Whether it is freedom of thought or religion or economic activity or political organization, America is the child of light and Russia the child of darkness. Even when Colgrove admits to a dark spot on the American portrait, he presents it in such a way as to leave no doubt that it is rapidly being erased. Thus, should anyone worry about the problem of desegregation, he will be told here that "by 1957, integration . . . was well under way in southern schools, although some states lagged behind others in making the change." Should he ask about our maltreatment of the American Indian, he will learn that "the federal government adopted a thoughtful plan for gradually getting Indians off their reservations . . . and more of them are becoming self-supporting, useful citizens." Should he remember our shameful evacuation of Japanese-Americans from the West Coast in 1941, he will read that "it is to their everlasting credit that they did as their government ordered and that none of them attempted to betray the United States." Should he be troubled by the attitude of some native Americans toward immigrants, he will be comforted by the assurance that "the prejudice that had built up against them gradually faded away." Whether such simplistic and obviously misleading answers will effectively persuade inexperienced high school children and young soldiers I cannot say. But that they will prove an affront to any sophisticated American or well-informed foreigner, not to speak of the groups involved, I cannot doubt.

What is wrong with this book is not so much that it presents a Keystone cops-and-robbers version of the conflict between democracy and communism; or that its eulogy of American capitalism as a competitive, free enterprise, democratic, people's capitalism, rests upon a fantastic misrepresentation of reality; or that its discussion of the Communist Party in the United States is

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DAVID SPITZ is visiting professor of government at Cornell University and the author of Patterns of Anti-Democratic Thought *and* Democracy and the Challenge of Power.

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little more than a summary of the findings of the House Committee on Un-American Activities; or that it contains innumerable misstatements of fact; or that it seeks to set its readers against Nehru and other neutrals by presenting them as dupes and, in effect, servants of the Kremlin.

What is wrong with this book is that, because of these and other things, it is an intellectual fraud. For no real problem, least of all the issue of democracy versus communism, is this simple; and if we are to deal seriously with it, we must be prepared to meet it in its terrible complexity.

What is wrong with this book is that it provides no *theoretical* understanding of the issues at stake. Instead of coming to grips with democracy and communism on doctrinal and ideological grounds, it talks only of American achievements and Soviet failures. Instead of organizing the available data into a meaningful theoretical framework, it rejects theory as "advanced and often difficult" and resorts instead to arbitrarily selected aggregates of facts. If our children and soldiers are ignorant of the virtues of democracy and the vices of communism, is this the way to cure their ignorance? Can we avoid going into the premises and claims of the respective doctrines? Can we close our eyes to the shortcomings of democratic states and to the millennial appeals of communism, especially to the peoples of the underdeveloped countries?

This book is but one more costly effort to do what reputable educators and social scientists have long known cannot be done: to package indoctrination as an educational device. We have heard much in recent years of the need for a course or a book to teach Americanism and to combat communism. But there is no such course or book; nor in the very nature of the case can there be one. For education is a long and multifaceted road, and one who would travel it must undertake a painstaking and difficult journey. To understand democracy and communism, he must acquire a grasp of history, a knowledge of political and economic systems, an insight into philosophic problems and moral values. He must, in a word, become an educated man. To think that richly packaged handbooks can provide a royal road to understanding is to admit to intellectual bankruptcy. This is, perhaps, a mark of the anti-intellectual climate of our age. But it is no way to wage an effective ideological war.

ART

Maurice Grosser

NEW YORK this fall seems particularly excited about pictures — perhaps because of the big prices brought in the recent sales — and the town is full of well-attended exhibitions. The most striking of these is the Metropolitan's review of the history of American painting — the pictures chosen for the most part from its own collection — and handsomely on view until January 4. Copley, Stuart, Whistler, Sargent, Inness, Eakins, Marin and O'Keeffe are given the principal honors. Copley is perhaps a little slighted. One regrets the absence of Boston's great *Watson and the Shark* — that most extraordinary of all anecdotal pictures, with its naked swimmer, his hair afloat, the onrushing monster and the appalled boat crew — shown here only in the form of a small and inferior version. The Sargent water colors are also less successful than one remembers. But *Madame X*, with the insolence of her lifted profile, *William S. Chase*, painting in a Prince Albert and with a hand-held palette, and the delightful couple in summer clothes—*Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Phelps Stokes* — seem to step fresh and life-like from the Paris and London of Edith Wharton and Henry James.

Whistler, in contrast, seems less vivid here. His space division and his tonal values have as always great elegance. But even in the major works displayed — *Théodore Duret* holding an opera cape, *The Artist's Mother*, on loan from the Louvre, and a fine *Cremo*
— the drawing is only com
man of provincial training and
itan taste, he is conscientiously
rather than at ease. His excelle
rives less from strength than from
less from positive virtue than from
avoidance of sin. He is the exact
posite of the provincial Eakins who,
capable of the economy metropolita
taste demands, nevertheless because o
his stubbornness and honesty painted
unforgettable pictures.

The Eakins here one can and does remember. Less known are the photographs displayed. Eakins was a passionate amateur photographer, and it is extraordinary how the bodies and faces in these photographs resemble the subjects of his pictures. One wonders if he did not perhaps use photographs in painting. It would explain his sometimes over-troublesome detail.

THE other novelty in the exhibit is the series of color etchings by Mary Cassatt. These domestic scenes done in accurate evocation of the Japanese print, with their lines and color areas carefully patterned and their faces recalling those of Japanese actors' — the eyes long, dark and expressive — are like nothing else I know. The Innesses are also, as always, a pleasure. His complicated glazed textures and rich brown shadows make his landscapes seem to us a little staged, as if they had been set up indoors and painted in studio light. All this must have made him seem to his contemporaries more dependable and conservative than the Impressionists. But his subject was the same as theirs, and with a slight transposition of color — brown shadows to purple-blue — the work would differ not at all from classical Impressionism.

On the other hand, the celebrated Bingham of trappers floating down a

Representing Far Places

In the canoe wilderness branches wait for winter;
every leaf concentrates; a drop from the paddle falls.
Up through the water at dip of a falling leaf
to the sky's drop of light or the smell of another star
fish in the lake leap arcs of realization,
hard fins praying out from the dark below.

Often in society when the talk turns witty
you think of that place, and can't polarize at all:
it would be a kind of treason. The land fans in your head
canyon by canyon; steep roads diverge.
Representing far places you stand in the room,
all that you know merely a weight in the weather.

It is all right to be simply the way you have to be,
among contradictory ridges in some crescendo of knowing.

WILLIAM STAFFORD

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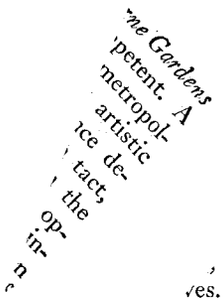

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...n extraordinary "Yankee"
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...nd direct. American painting —
...es it here — does really exist.

FIFTY pictures from the City Art Museum of St. Louis were shown earlier this month at Wildenstein. They included a magnificent late Titian, a doubtful Veronese, a fine Hals, perhaps too officiously cleaned, an excellent Magnasco, a large and tiresome female portrait by Largillière, two wonderful Corots, amusing *genre* pieces by Homer and Bingham, a fine early Cézanne, a sober Manet of a man reading, a good Seurat landscape, a green Van Gogh, a young Picasso, and a complicated portrait of Lady Guilford by Holbein in the most raucous colors imaginable. The group as a whole was handsome, the quality of the paintings more than a little uneven, the list of names constituting an official roster of the masters favored by American museums today.

ONE of the most entertaining shows of the early winter — John Bratby at French and Company — consisted of fourteen large paintings on board, some five of which were commissioned for the movie version of Joyce Cary's novel *The Horse's Mouth* to represent the work of Gulley Jimpson, its painter hero. A painter myself and interested in such things, I have twice tried to read the book and twice given it up. Jimpson is not a painter; he is a literary man's idea of what a painter is like. He thinks in color words, loses his painting kits, has no working habits and leaves his brushes dirty. A painter in his off-hours may lead an irregular life, but he is always methodical in his work.

Bratby is a great deal better than this, quite good enough to express in paint the violence of Jimpson's romanticized character. His pictures are ugly, brilliant, vulgar and skillful. They could be copied in mosaic without change. There is no chiaroscuro. Lines and dots of bright, thick color — like the irregular bits of colored glass in a mosaic — serve to define the modeling. The compositions are casual and crowded. The subject matter is English artistic life in lower middle-class surroundings, presented without graces or amenities: full-length multiple portraits of brutally unattractive people, and interiors with doors, wall paper, children, toys, books, television sets and the other concomitants of urban living. Frequently the hands and feet of the artist painting are included — a perhaps unnecessarily discordant signature. Handsome and willfully shocking, much of the work's violence derives from an intentional confusion of categories — from painting a domestic subject in a mural style.

ANDREW WYETH recently closed at Knoedler's the most talked-about exposition of the season, inasmuch as one of his pictures sold for $35,000 — an unheard-of price for a young contemporary. The water colors were extremely handsome, the best in the Winslow Homer tradition I have yet seen: New England sea and countryside subjects, restrained and subtle in color, easy and exact in execution. The pictures on canvas seemed less good. They are done, I am told, very slowly, not more than three works a year, and in some form of tempera emulsion — a medium which lends itself better to elaboration than to breadth. The drawing is often labored, the detail over-scrupulous, the color dead. In spite of the harsh and elegant oddity of their pictorial ideas and compositions, the pictures are difficult to remember. It is as though the vigor of the painter's concepts could not quite survive the labors of execution. For a meticulous temperament emulsion paint can be a dangerous tool.

A SELECTION from the 1958 Guggenheim International Award Competition Pictures has been on view since October at the Guggenheim Museum. The show is less striking than the 1956 selection, in part because of the absence of some of the principal pieces. The international prize-winning ceramic mural by Joan Miró is part of the UNESCO buildings in Paris and unavailable, the Danish prize-winner was too large to fit in the Museum's present quarters, and the American prize-winning picture, by Rothko, was forbidden exhibition, oddly enough, by the painter himself. That first prize in an international exhibition should go to a work in ceramics seems natural enough. The international non-objective style of today, with its loaded paint and semi-mat surface, tends to imitate the runs, scumbles and accidental spreadings of ceramic glazes, and all the best pictures of the present show have the decorative texture—as well as the expressive content—formerly associated with art-handicraft pottery.

This year's Whitney Annual seems much the same as usual — nebulous non-objectives, showy abstractions and a sprinkling of ambitious representationals — some interesting and some inept. As usual, the sculpture is more varied and arresting than the painting. Even in names, there is little change from last year's offering. The Whitney Annual now is our official *Salon d'Automne.*

Consolations

In Tombstone, Arizona, in the spring,
The tarantulas sing:
Tarantara, tarantarum!
And in Slug, Idaho,
The bug sits on the potataho,
Gay as the undertaker's wife's hat
When the undertaker's off duty O!

And in New Mexico (O!)
The scorpions in the midst of their sweet
Amours, each other eat,
With a yum! with a yum!
While luckily here in Rochester the snow
Still has three months to go.

HYAM PLUTZIK

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TO THE END OF THOUGHT
The solution of the totalitarian enigma? Communism destroys art, freedom, all human values, but it is conquering the world. Why? Have we fathomed the deeper insights of **Darkness at Noon** and **1984?**
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25c, Jack D. Green, 225 E. 5th St., N. Y. 3, N. Y. Issues No. 4-7, $1.

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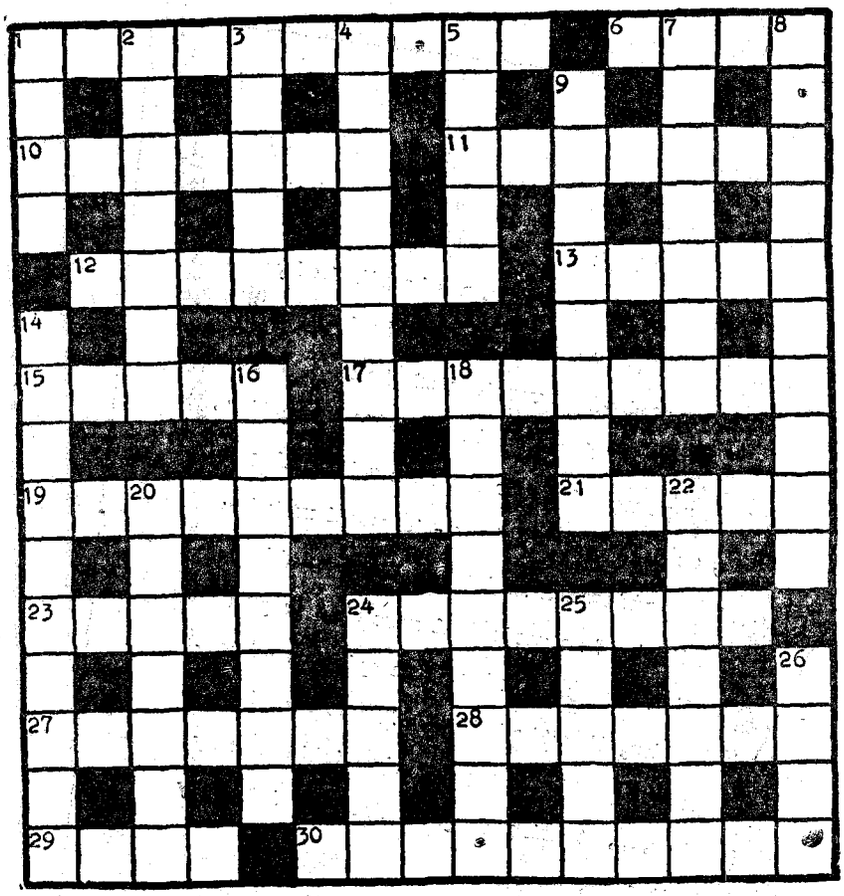
Crossword Puzzle No. 799

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1, 18 and 14 down The early morning air of Berlin? (2,3,1,4,2,3,2,2,3,7)
6 See 9 down
10 Beat by cacophony does it constitute a murder? (7)
11 Planning for weight? (7)
12 One of those might be rubber. (8)
13 Small cuts taken from the pot. (5)
15 Secretes from more than one 17, for example. (5)
17 A sort of star that Genghis might follow in Russia. (9)
19 Assembling gun timers? (9)
21 They're pushed in and sound packed.
23 Pig to Lamb. (5)
24 Tom has lots of teeth by implication, probably full of cavities. (8)
27 In case of a possessive female, it seems ultimately a meek thing to do. (7)
28 Sack. (7)
29 Reputedly they find things a certain grind. (4)
30 Like Custer's, such a play is not considered in good taste. (10)

DOWN:

1 Nothing male is a sign of less than all female. (4)
2 Masefield said John was son of one from Stratford town, who may have shaken William Sheakespeare's hand. (7)
3 Twists fighting words in addition? (5)
4 Early King of Babylon. (9)
5 What is turned in the bar is on the floor, perhaps. (5)
7 Like a would-be English bone-grinder? (7)
8 A rather careless state. (10)
9 and 6 across Knute Rockne and his horsemen? (5, 3, 4)
14 See 1 across
16 Which side are these likely to be on? Lee's! (8)
18 See 1 across
20 Completely surrounded by the band. (7)
22 Roughly, old Algeria. (7)
24 To supply a cousin with it should be first. (5)
25 Woods, perhaps, where people sometimes get together. (5)
26 Produced what one is supposed to earn every day, by the sound of it. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 798

ACROSS: 1 Balance wheels; 9 Adult; 10 Moderator; 11 Dudgeon; 12 Annuals; 13 Frets; 14 Registrar; 16 Nostalgia; 18 Wrath; 19 Utensil; 21 Melissa; 22 Restarted; 23 Indus; 24 Mineralogical. DOWN: 1 Board of Inquiry; 2 Laundress; 3 Nutmegs; 4 Elman; 5 Hydrangea; 6 Errands; 7 Sitka; 8 Dress rehearsal; 14 Regulator; 15 Rhapsodic; 17 Abstain; 18 Willing; 20 Epsom; 21 Medal.

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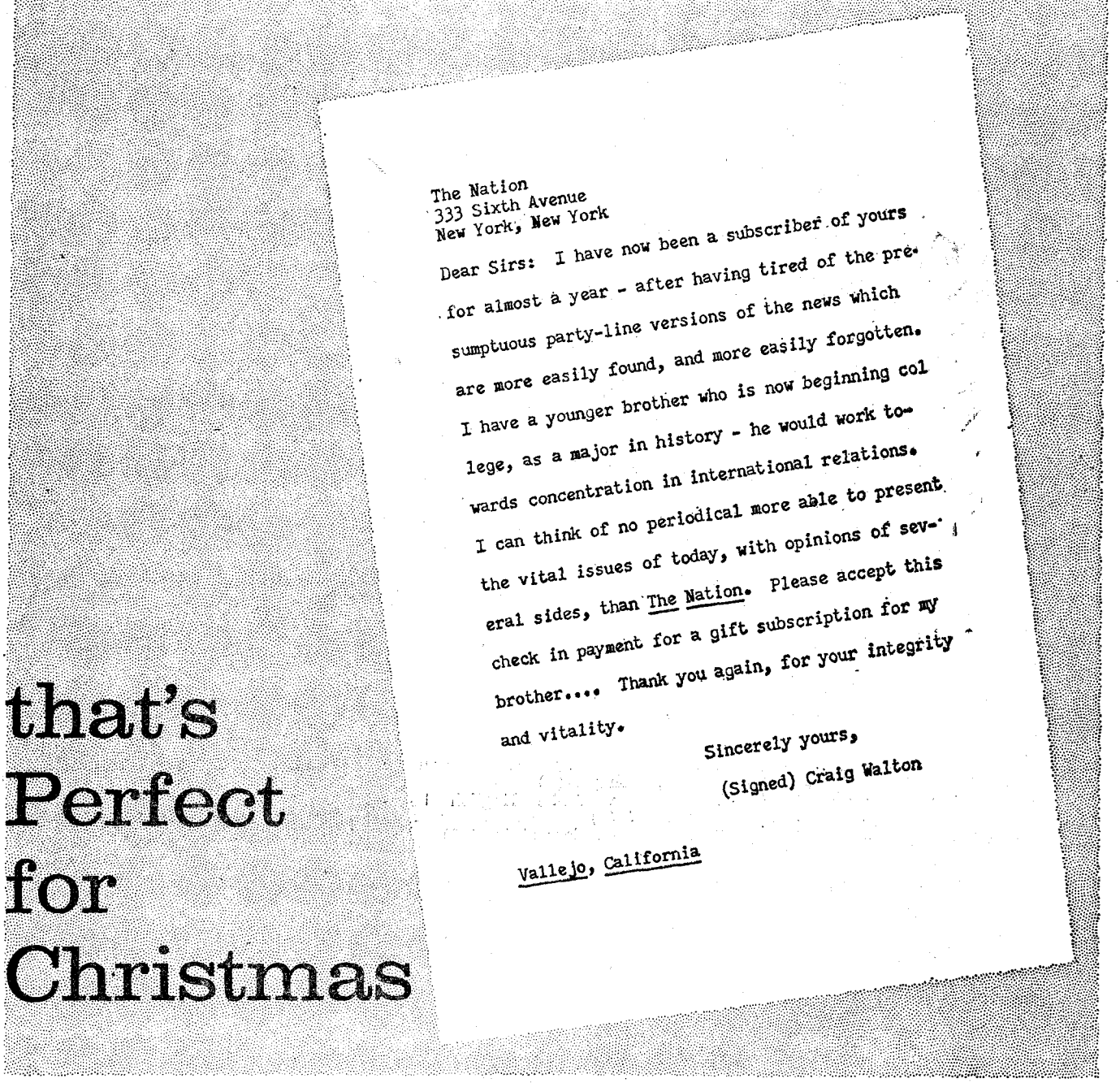

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